

FUNNY PICTURE STORIES

MYSTERY---THRILLS---ACTION

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APRIL
1 9 3 8
10¢



"GOSH!
WE FORGOT
THE CATNIP!"

[illegible]

FUNNY PICTURE STORIES

MYSTERY---THRILLS---ACTION



from JVJ,
a narfstarc
scan and
builderboy
edit.

**Volume 2 Number 7,
published by Centaur Publications, Inc.
April 1938; 68 pages.**

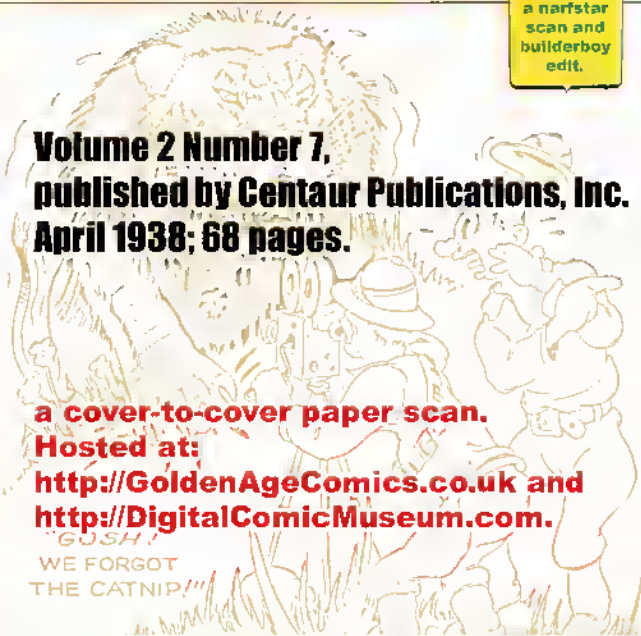
a cover-to-cover paper scan.

Hosted at:

<http://GoldenAgeComics.co.uk> and

<http://DigitalComicMuseum.com>.

"GUSH!"
WE FORGOT
THE CATNIP!"



A BIKE FOR YOU



OH, BOY! Picture yourself riding down the street on this speedy deluxe aluminum bike! Completely streamlined, fully equipped with blast hornlite, coaster brake, platform carrier, cushioned balloon tires, etc. Built low for speed and safety. Geared to give you instant "get-away."

Earn this bike (you don't have to buy it!) and any of our 300 other prizes, including a movie machine. **MAKE MONEY**, too.

It's easy! It's fun! Just deliver our three popular magazines to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. Need not interfere with school. If you're 12 to 18 years of age, mail the coupon or rush postal card **AT ONCE!** Boys who hustle can earn a prize the very first day. Let's go!

Mail This Coupon to Get Started at Once

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 776
The Crowell Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Start me earning **MONEY** and **PRIZES**. Send your latest 32-page Prize Book, showing 289 items boys can earn.

Name.....Address.....
City.....State.....Age.....

The
Monark
SILVER
KING

Clip
and
Mail
▼



Win a Brand New Dollar Bill!

Hello, Pals:

Boy, have I got good news! I'm forming a new club, to be known as the Jimmy Strong Circulation Club, and every boy and girl who reads our magazines can become a member! Each member will receive a signed *membership card*, a handsome *membership button*, and will have a chance to win prizes every month of the year!

Mail This Application Today!

Jimmy Strong, Centaur Publications, Inc.
461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

I want to join the Jimmy Strong Circulation Club. I promise to tell all my friends to buy **FUNNY PAGES**, **FUNNY PICTURE STORIES**, **STAR RANGER**, and **STAR COMICS** and have called on my neighborhood newsdealer as you asked me to. If I am accepted, please send my membership card and button to:

Your Name.....

Your Address.....

Your City.....Your State.....

Newsdealer's name and address.....
(P.S. Don't forget to write a letter—you may win a \$1 bill!)

Here's all you have to do to join the Jimmy Strong Circulation Club: Visit your local newsdealer, explain to him that you want to join our new club, and ask him to please display copies of **FUNNY PAGES**, **FUNNY PICTURE STORIES**, **STAR RANGER**, and **STAR COMICS** on his stand where all your friends can see them easily. Then, fill out the application blank below and send it in to me as soon as possible.

And here's the best news of all! When you send in your application, write me a short letter telling me whether your newsdealer did as you asked and what your friends said about our magazine. Also, tell me what you think of my new club for boys and girls. To each of the writers of the five best letters received, I am going to send a brand new dollar bill. Of course, if you have two or three newsdealers near you and can visit each of them, your chance of winning a prize is that much better.

Your pal,

JIMMY STRONG,
Assistant to "Uncle Joe," Editor.

Vol. 2, Number 7, April 1938. **FUNNY PICTURE STORIES** is published monthly by Centaur Publications, Inc., 420 De Soto Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri. Editorial and executive offices 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Missouri, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 10c; annual subscription price: \$1.00 in the U. S. A.; other countries, \$1.50. Copyright 1938 by Centaur Publications, Inc. The contents of this magazine must not be reproduced without permission. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited drawings or manuscripts, but will exercise due care in handling same. Drawings and manuscripts, to receive consideration, must be accompanied by postage sufficient to insure their return to owner. Printed in the U. S. A.

SONG POEM Writers

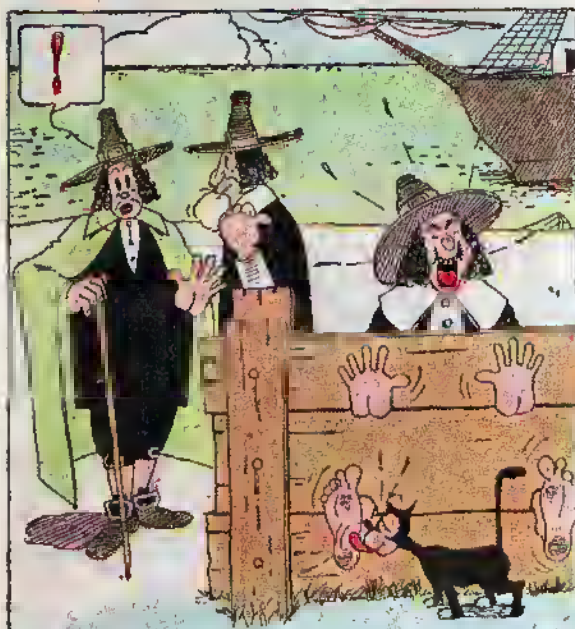
SEND FOR FREE copy of **RHYMING DICTIONARY** and Instruction Book on **HOW TO WRITE POPULAR SONGS**. Submit best poems, melodies today for our bonafide, superior OFFER.

MMM MUSIC PUBLISHERS, Dept. 51
Studio Bldg., Portland, Ore.

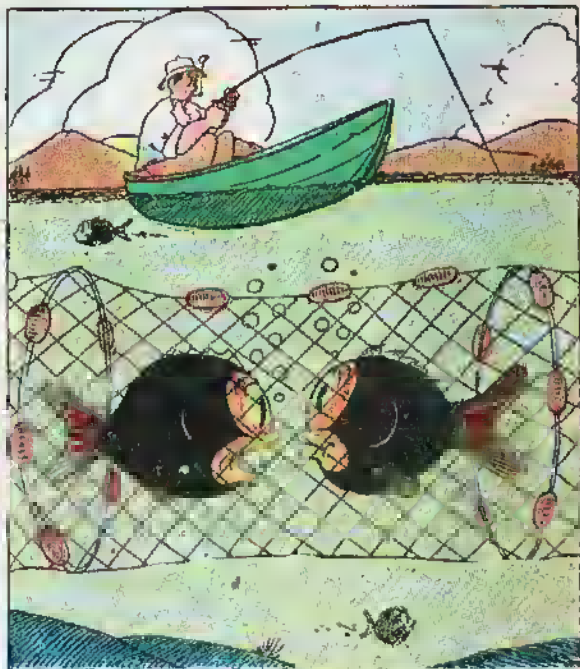


GRIN and LAFF

BY
KERMIT RAY.



IF HE GETS THAT BIG A KICK OUT OF BEING IN STOCKS, WE HAD BETTER TAKE HIM OUT.....



DON'T WORRY, PEARL, I GOT YOU IN-TO THIS AND I'LL GET YOU OUT.....



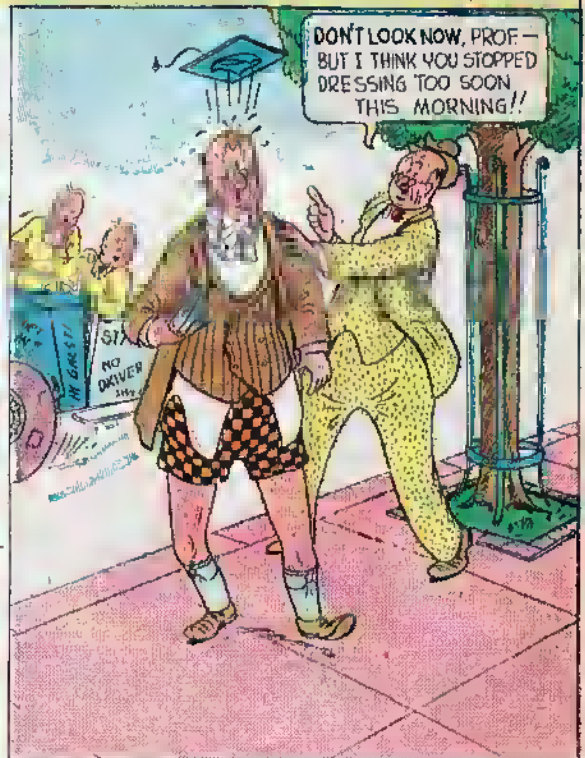
IGUESS I COULD HAVE BEEN A STANDING ON A CIGARETTE.....

Kermit Ray



YOU WANNA BE CAREFUL WITH THAT SUIT YOU HAVE ON - THE WARDEN WANTS TO WEAR IT TO A MASQUERADE BALL TO - NIGHT.....

Don't Look Now



LAUGHING AT LIFE!

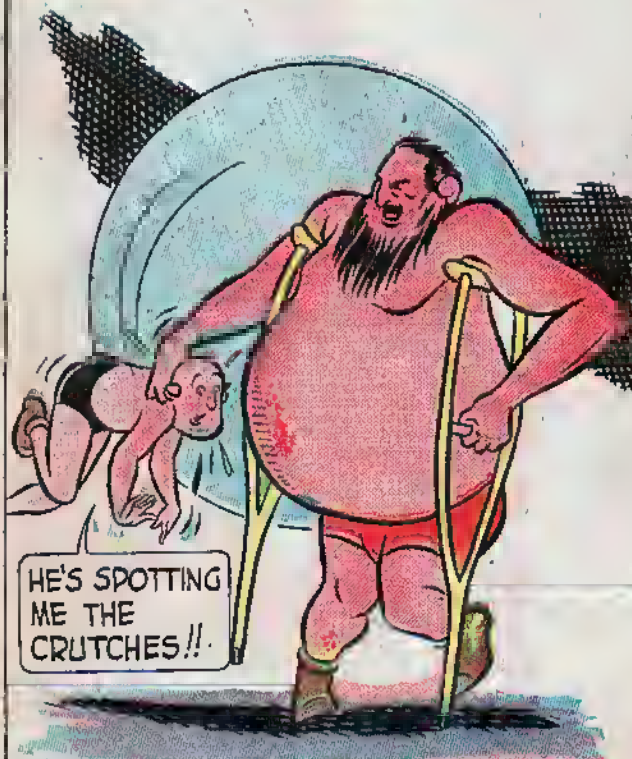


Star Dust



**DICK
POWELL**

...HAD A COMPLETE GYMNASIUM INSTALLED IN HIS NEW HOME..... HE USED TO HAVE A SWIMMING POOL IN HIS OLD HOUSE. THAT KEPT HIS WEIGHT DOWN, BUT SINCE HE MOVED THE LACK OF EXERCISE HAS HURT HIS PHYSIQUE....



MAN MOUNTAIN DEAN

HAD TO FINISH A FIGHT SCENE IN "THE BIG CITY" ON CRUTCHES, WHEN HE BROKE HIS LEG DURING THE FILMING OF THE PICTURE. A HUGE WHEEL CHAIR WAS MADE TO MOVE HIS 375 POUNDS AROUND THE SET, AND WAS PRESENTED TO HIM AS A GIFT BY LUISE RAINER.....

**GILL
FOX**

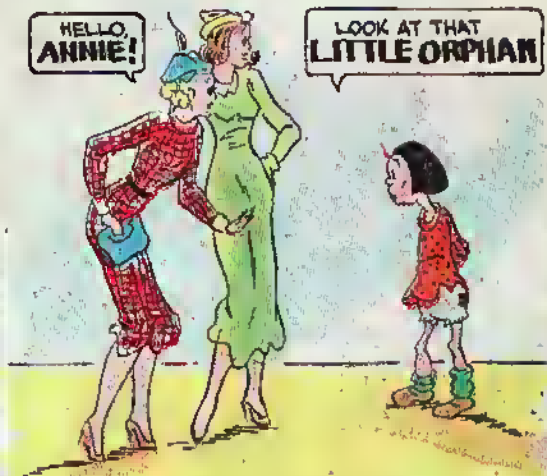
Brain Teasers

WHAT CANAL IS REPRESENTED HERE?



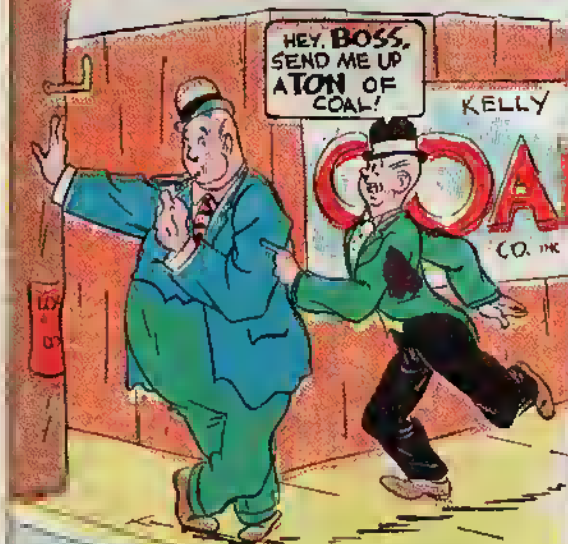
PRIZE: A BROKEN DOWN STREET CAR.

WHAT CHARACTER IS THIS?



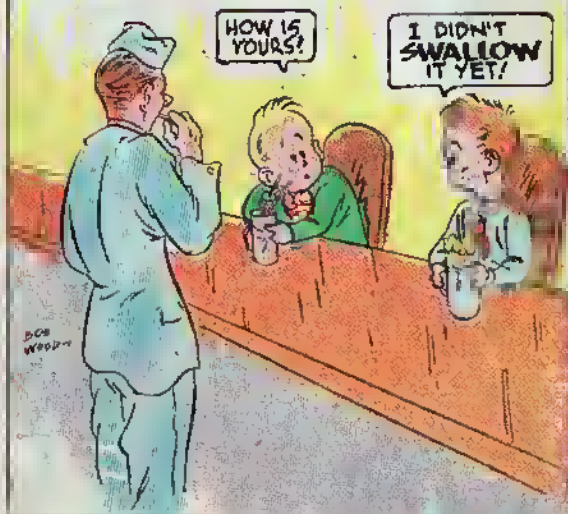
PRIZE: TWO BANANA SKINS.

WHAT CITY IS CONCEALED HERE?



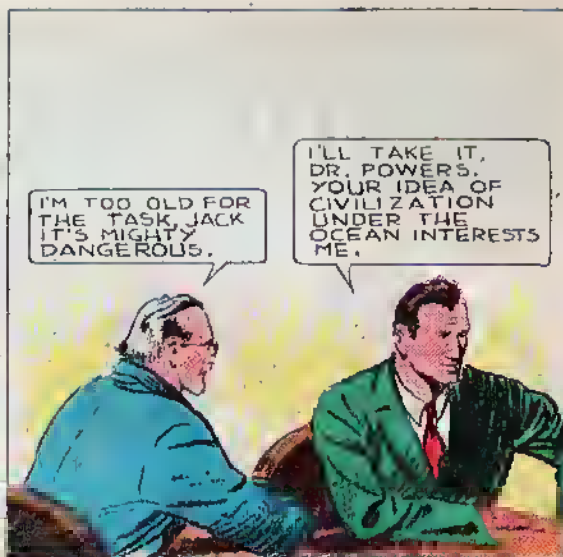
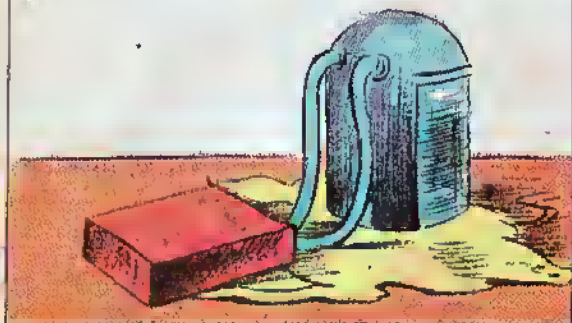
PRIZE: A SOILED TABLECLOTH.

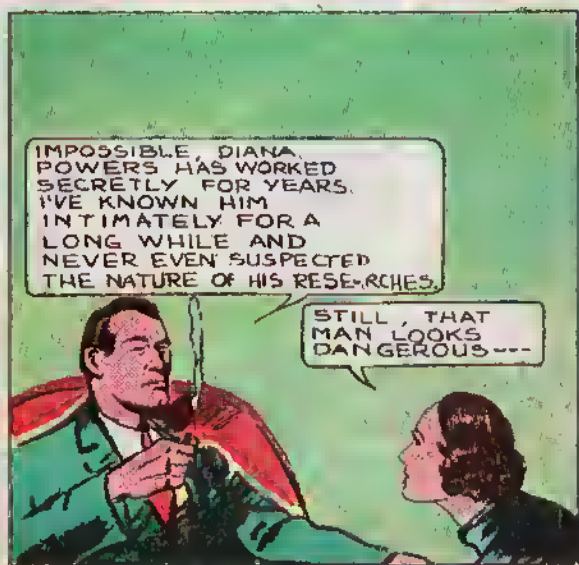
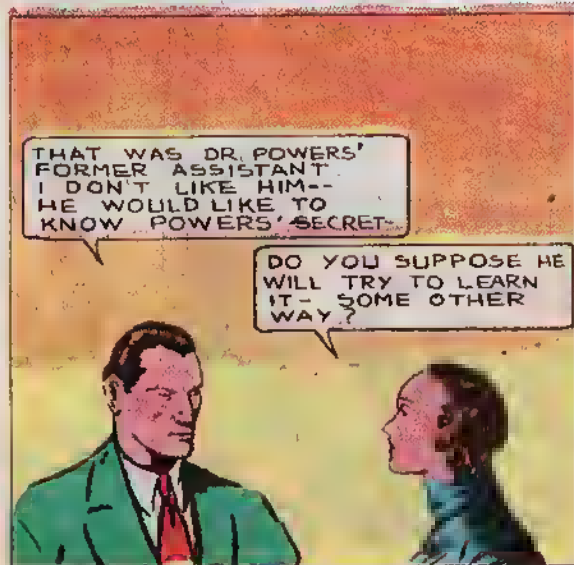
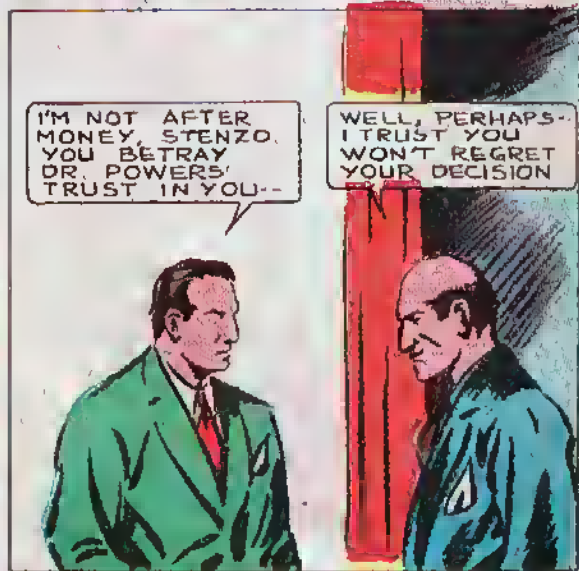
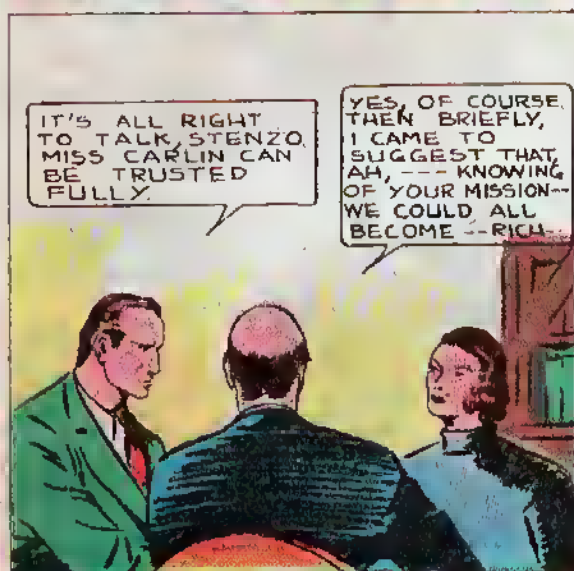
WHAT BIRD IS THIS?



PRIZE: A DOZEN OLD TIME TABLES.

Jack STRAND





ABOARD SHIP, FAR OUT
IN THE SOUTHERN ATLANTIC.

I FEAR FOR YOU-
YET HOW
I WISH I COULD
ACCOMPANY YOU!

DON'T WORRY, DR.
POWERS. WE'LL
BRING BACK A FULL
ACCOUNT OF THESE
PEOPLE.

REMEMBER TO
TAKE ONE CAPSULE
IMMEDIATELY AFTER
YOU STRIKE BOTTOM--
YOU WILL NOTICE
NO ILL EFFECTS.
THE PRESSURE WILL
COUNTERACT THEIR
ACTION.

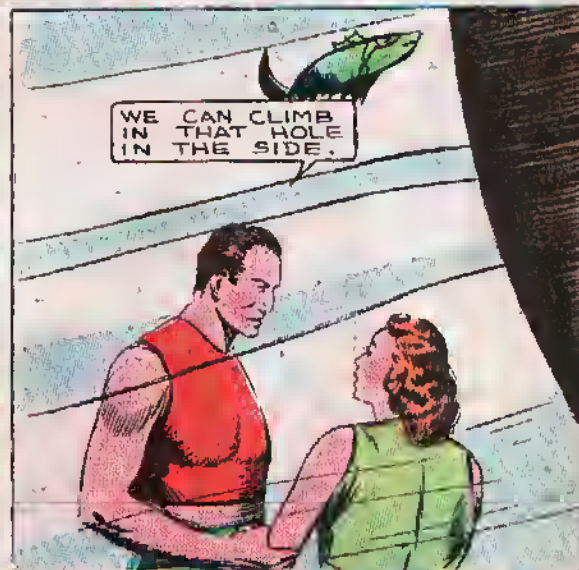
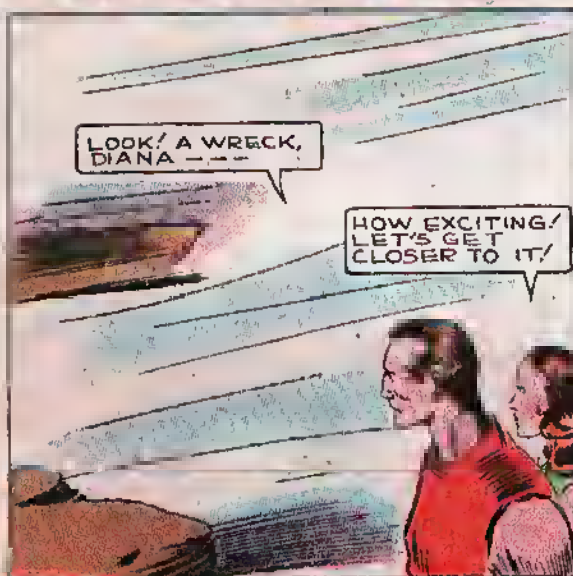
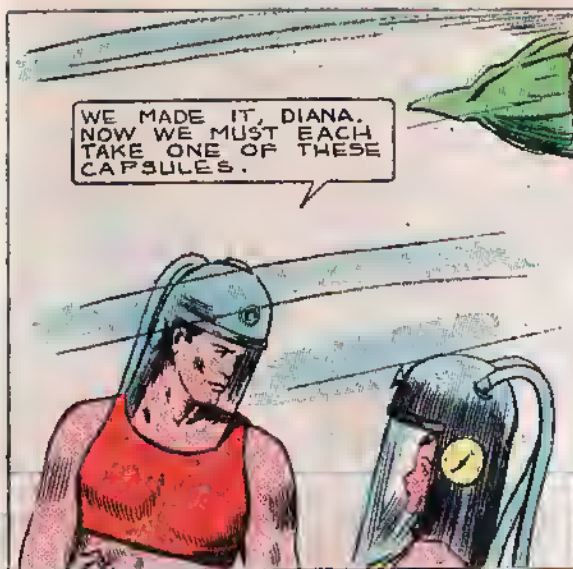
OKAY, DOCTOR.

NERVOUS, DIANA?
THINK YOU OUGHT
TO GO?

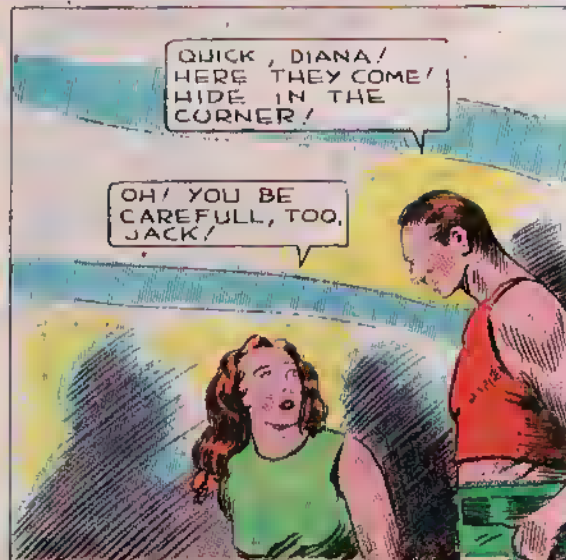
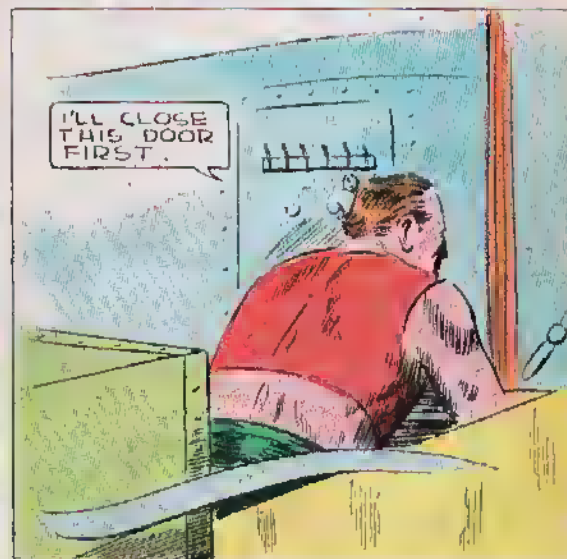
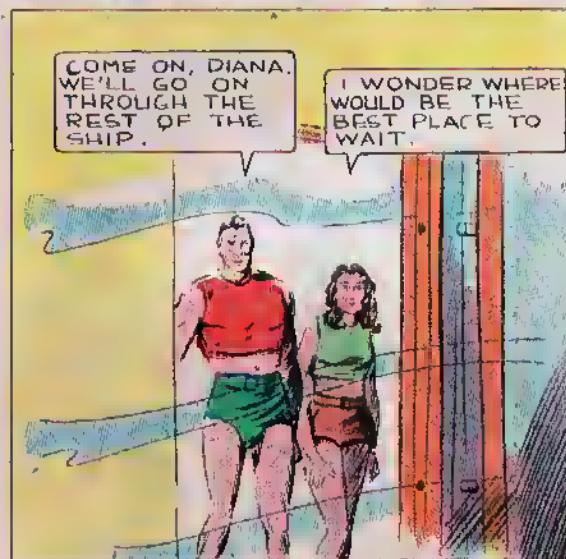
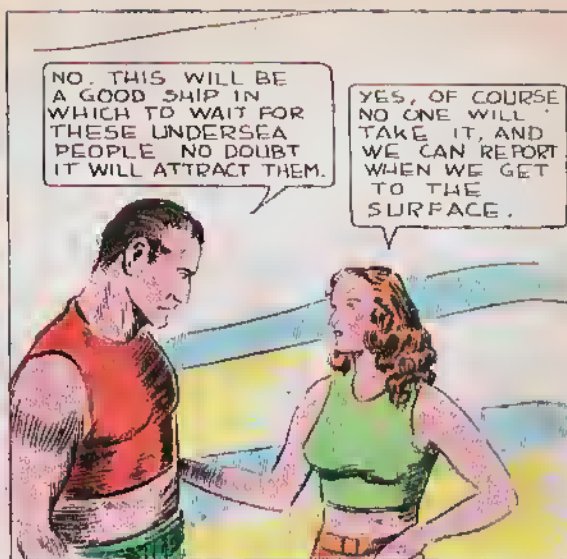
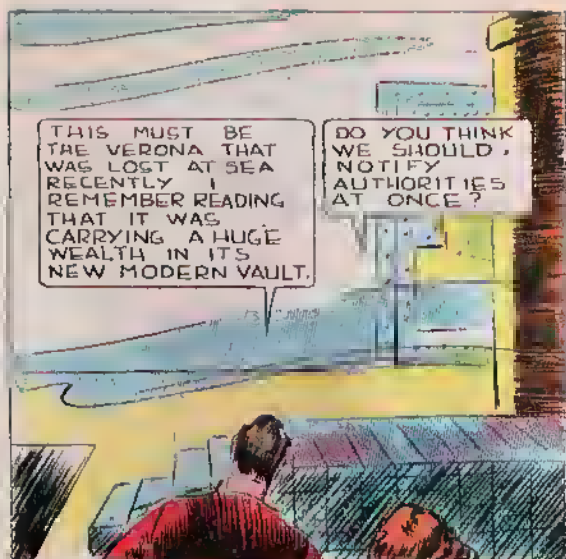
THRILLED TO
DEATH, JACK.

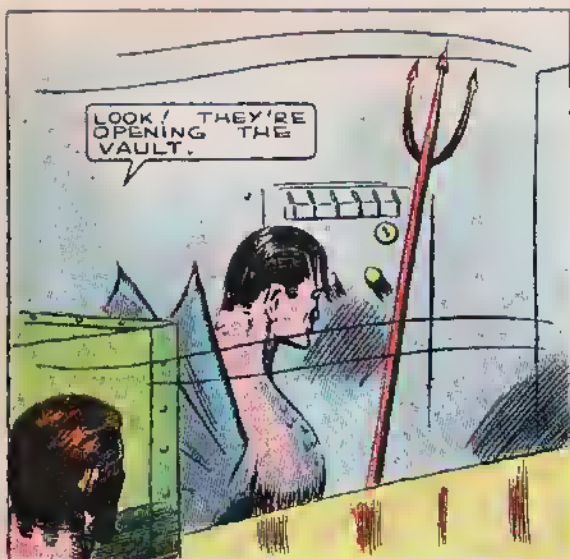
BRAVE YOUNG
PEOPLE. I FEEL
AS IF I WAS
SENDING THEM
TO THEIR GRAVES.

DOWN, DOWN THEY SINK
INTO THE SEEMINGLY
BOTTOMLESS OCEAN.

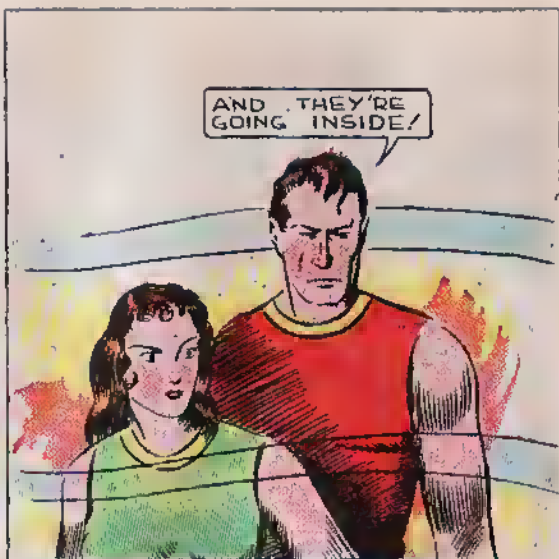




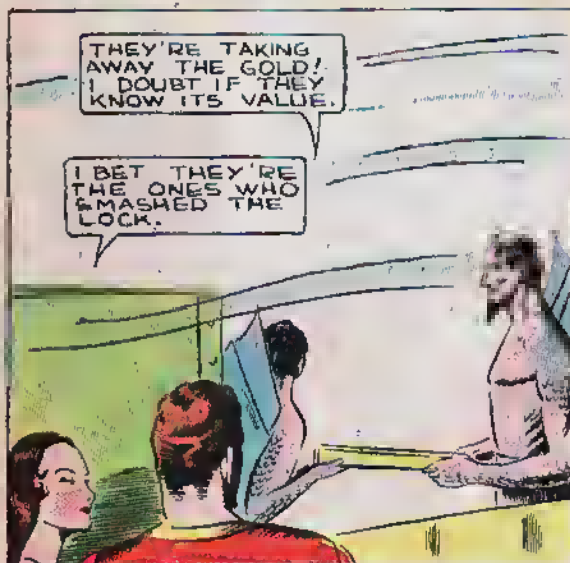




LOOK! THEY'RE
OPENING THE
VAULT.

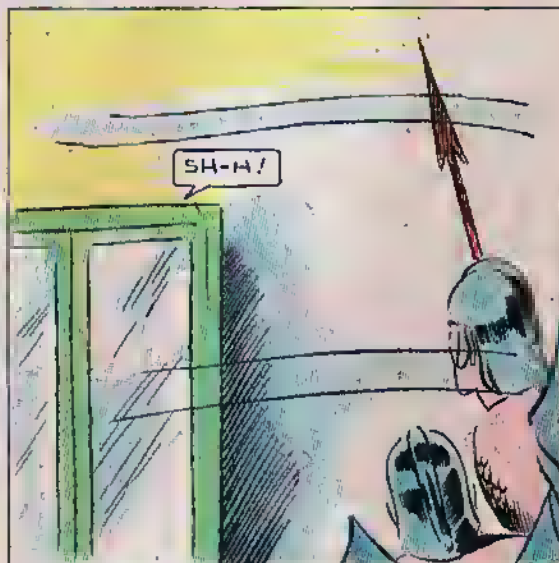


AND THEY'RE
GOING INSIDE!

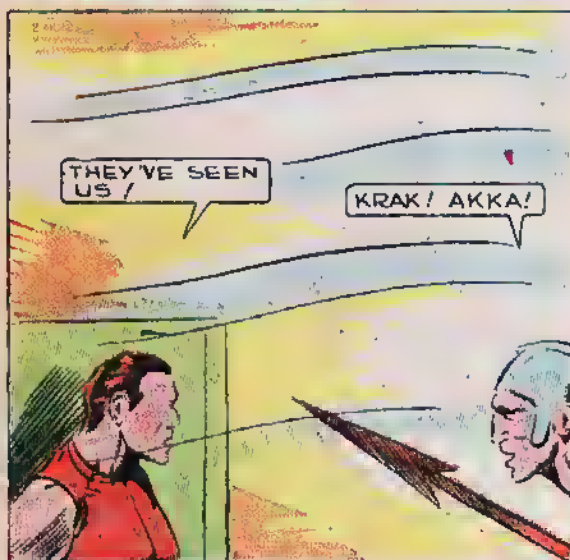


THEY'RE TAKING
AWAY THE GOLD!
I DOUBT IF THEY
KNOW ITS VALUE.

I BET THEY'RE
THE ONES WHO
SMASHED THE
LOCK.

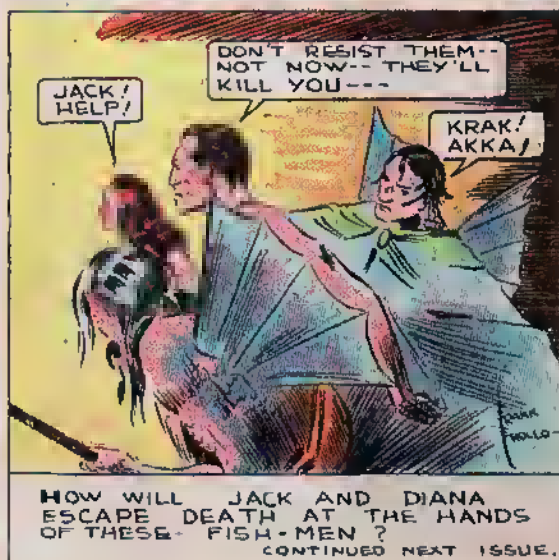


SH-H!



THEY'VE SEEN
US!

KRAK! AKKA!



JACK!
HELP!

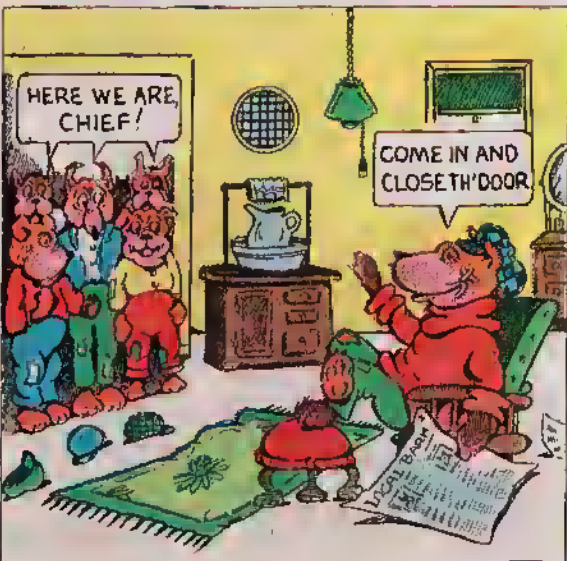
DON'T RESIST THEM--
NOT NOW-- THEY'LL
KILL YOU---

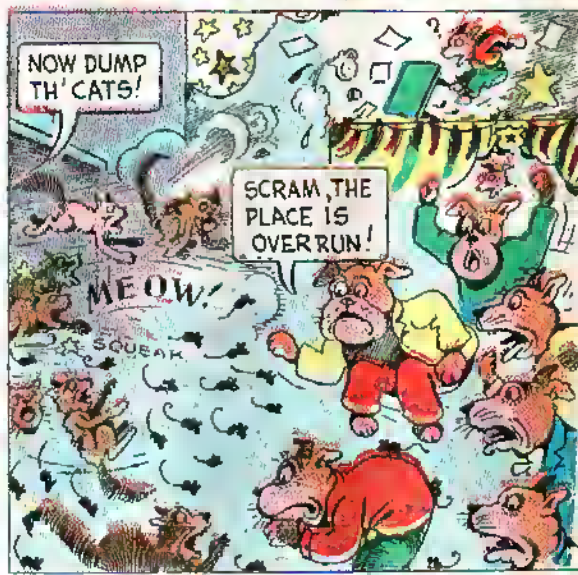
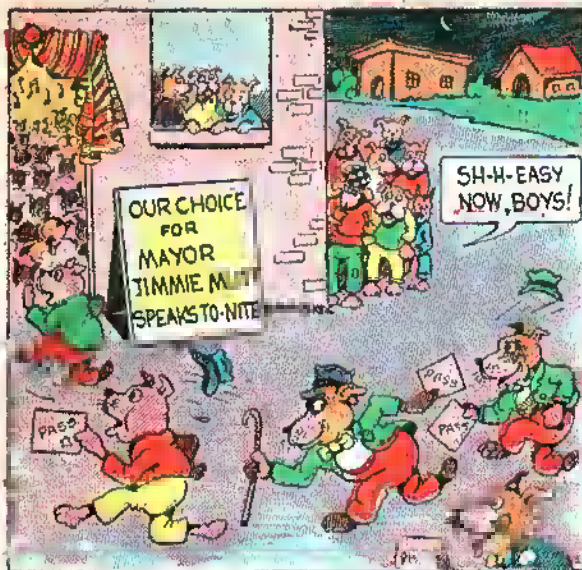
KRAK!
AKKA!

HOW WILL JACK AND DIANA
ESCAPE DEATH AT THE HANDS
OF THESE FISH-MEN?
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.

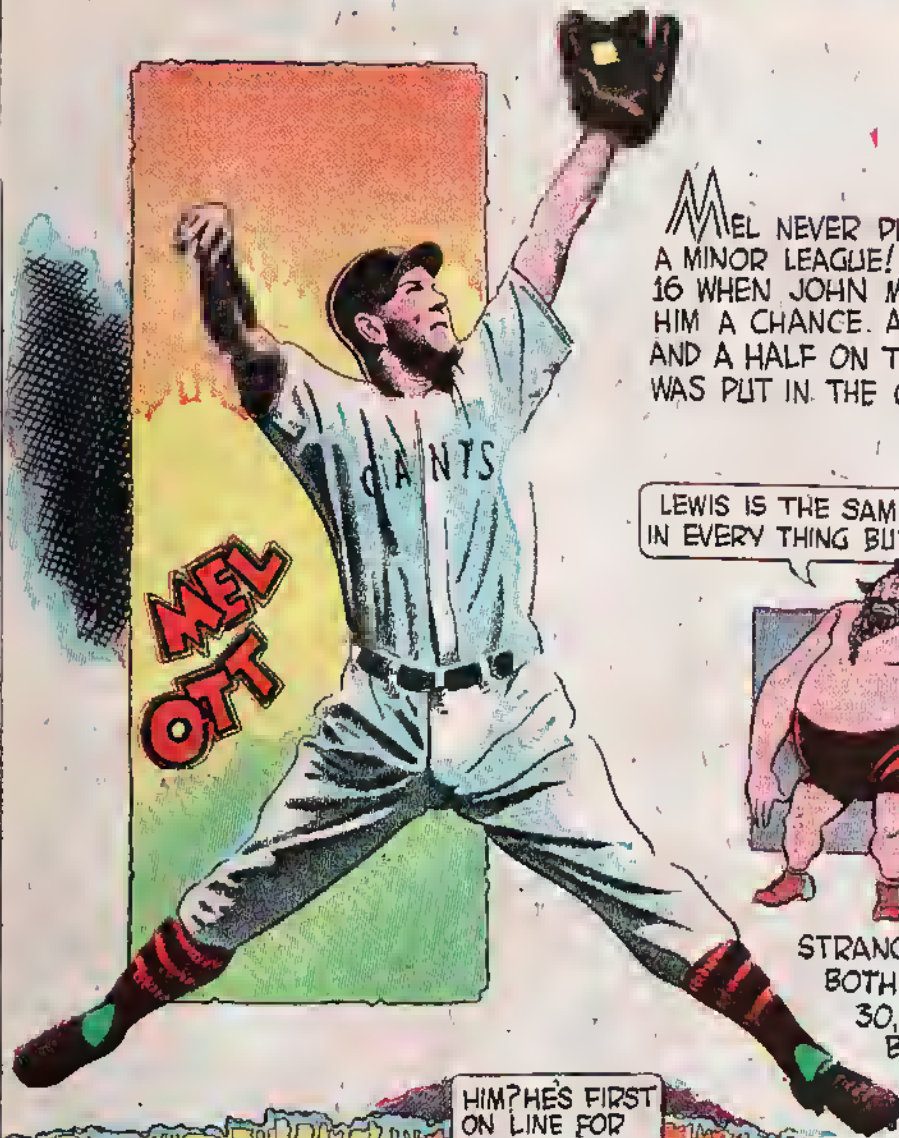








SPORTING FACTS



MEL NEVER PLAYED IN A MINOR LEAGUE! HE WAS 16 WHEN JOHN MCGRAW GAVE HIM A CHANCE. AFTER A YEAR AND A HALF ON THE BENCH HE WAS PUT IN THE GIANTS' OUTFIELD

LEWIS IS THE SAME AS ME IN EVERY THING BUT SIZE!



MAN MOUNTAIN DEAN AND STRANGLER LEWIS WERE BOTH BORN ON JUNE 30, 1891, AND THEY BOTH WERE SERGEANTS IN THE ARMY..

HIM? HE'S FIRST ON LINE FOR THE NEXT WORLD SERIES!

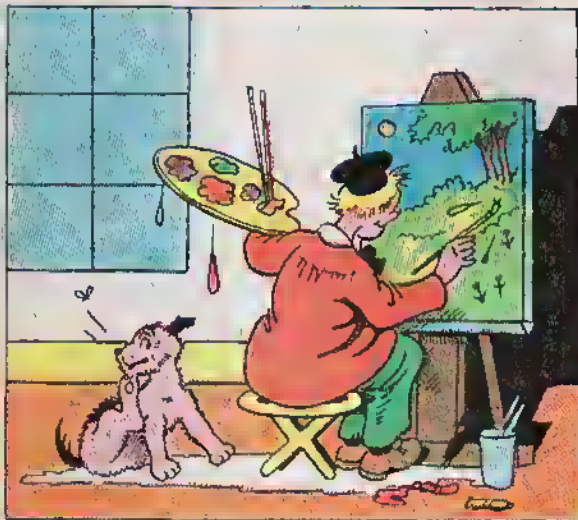


WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, OF KANSAS CITY, ONCE WAITED IN LINE FOR 15 DAYS TO GET ADMISSION TO THE FIRST GAME OF THE 1935 WORLD SERIES.

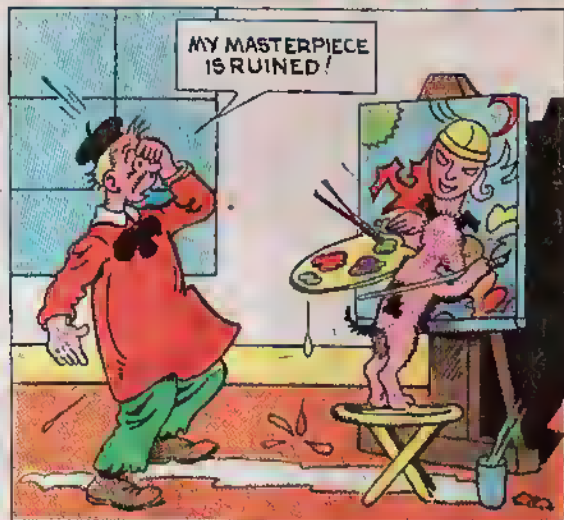
GILL FOX



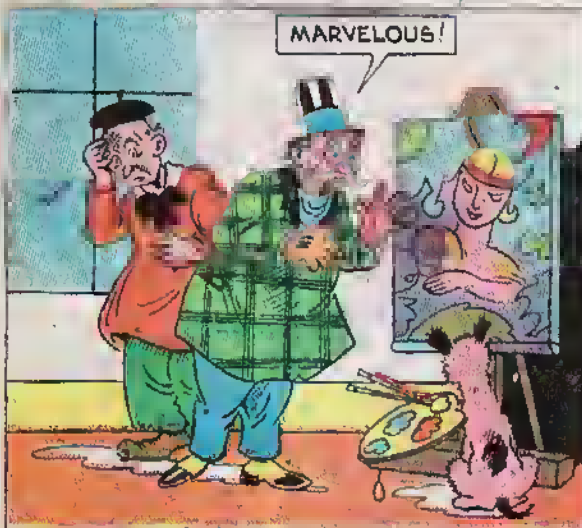
Dinky Pup



IT WAS DOWN IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, ON A QUAIN
OLD NARROW STREET, -
WHERE ARTISTS LIVE FOR ART ALONE, AND
VERY BELDOM EAT/
OUR DINKY PUP MET DOB O'RAY,
A TEMPERAMENTAL CHAP,
WHO PAINTED PICTURES ALL DAY LONG AND
THOUGHT IT QUITE A SNAP



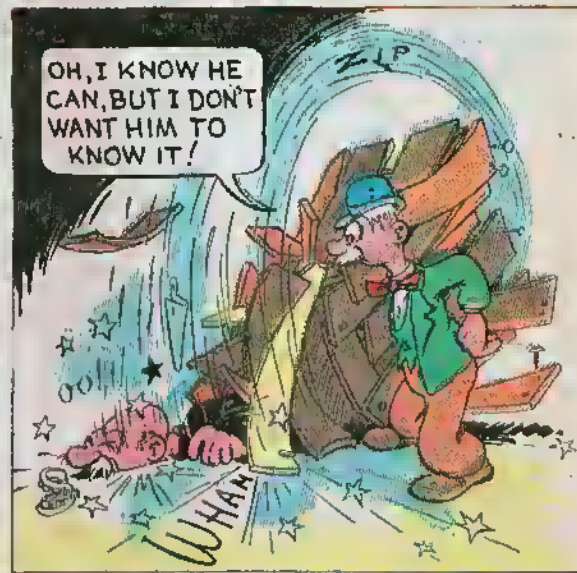
"I CANNOT SELL MY PAINTINGS," SAID THE POOR
YOUNG ARTIST, DOB -
"IT'S TOUGH TO LIVE ON ATMOSPHERE, I WISH
I HAD A JOB!"
"DON'T WORRY, PAL," SAID OINKY PUP, AND
WITH A MIGHTY OASH
HE GRABBED THE EASEL AND THE BRUSH,
AND HE BEGAN TO SPLASH

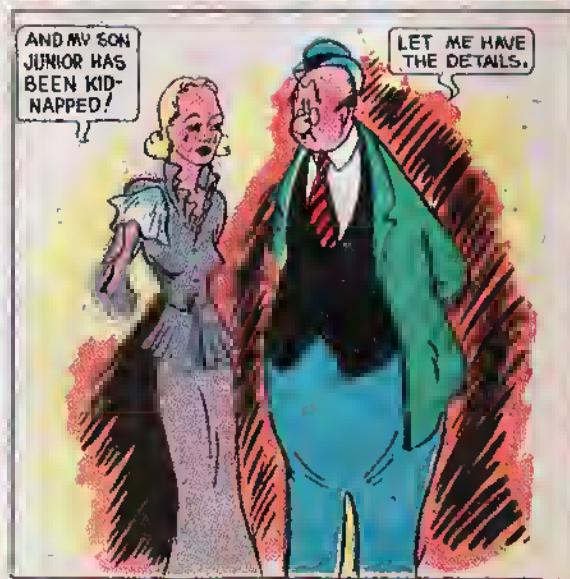
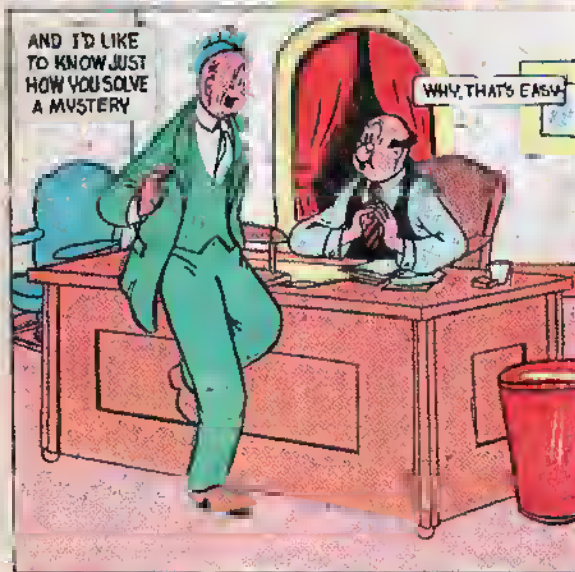
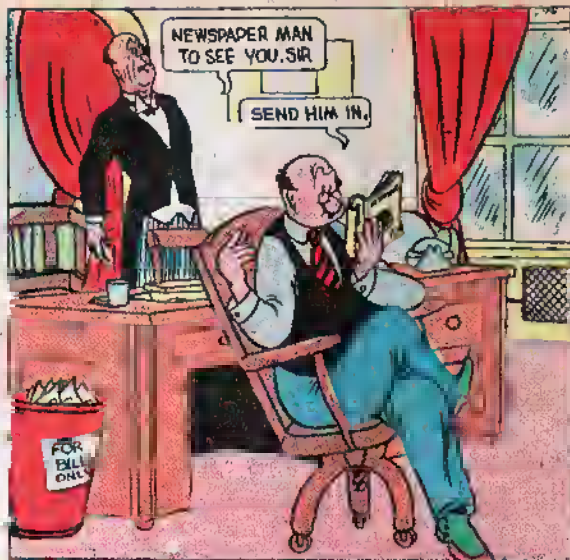
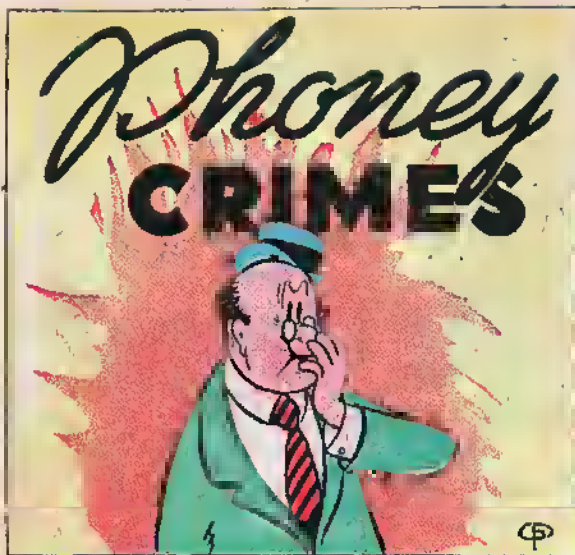


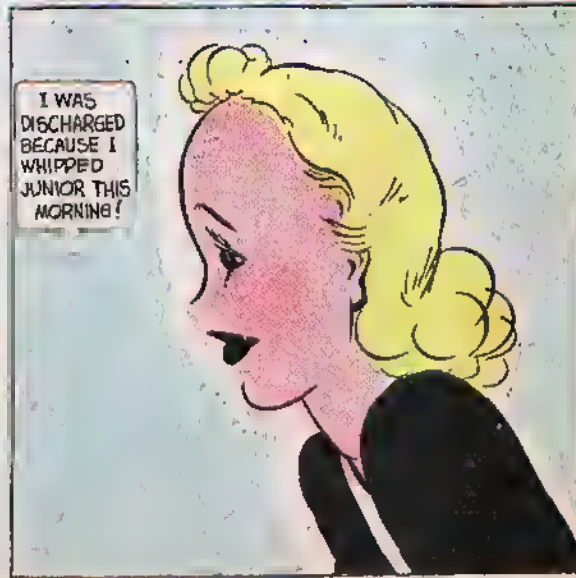
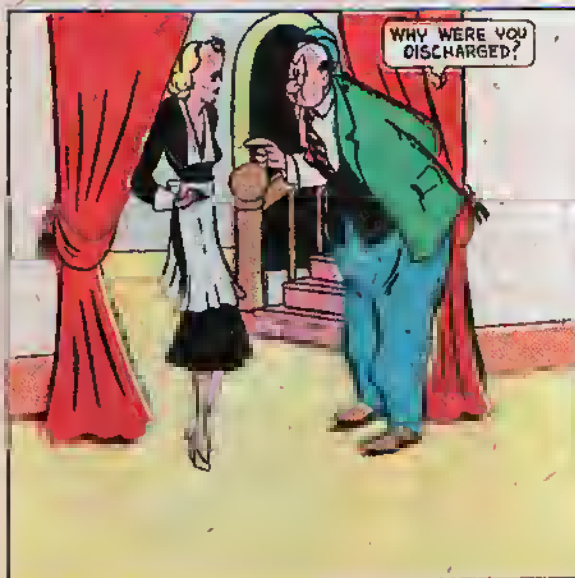
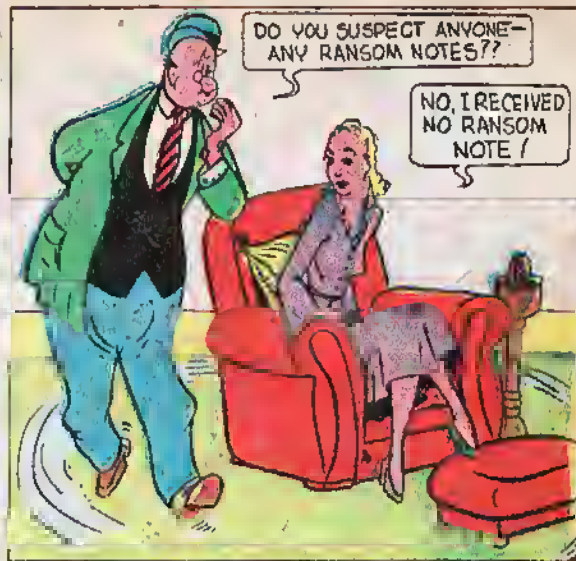
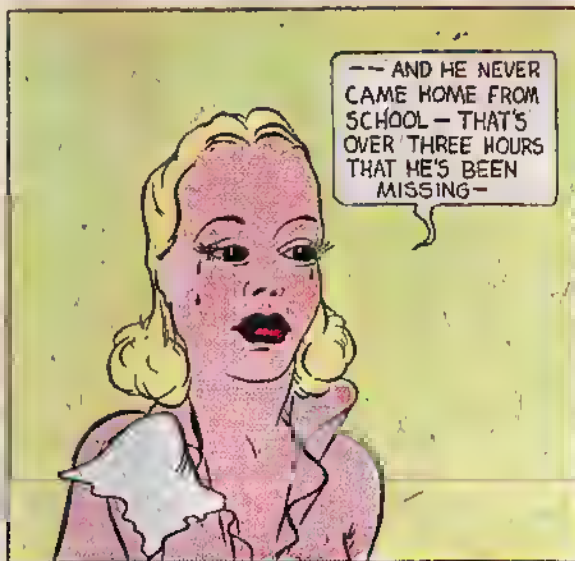
SOON DINKY PUP HAD CHANGED IT ALL
INTO A DIFFERENT SCENE, -
WITH STREAKS OF RED AND YELLOW, AND
WITH HUES OF BLUE AND GREEN
JUST THEN A KNOCK CAME AT THE DOOR,
AND WHEN IT OPENED WIDE -
A CONNOISSEUR SAID "HOW DE DOO," AND
GAILY STEPPED INSIDE

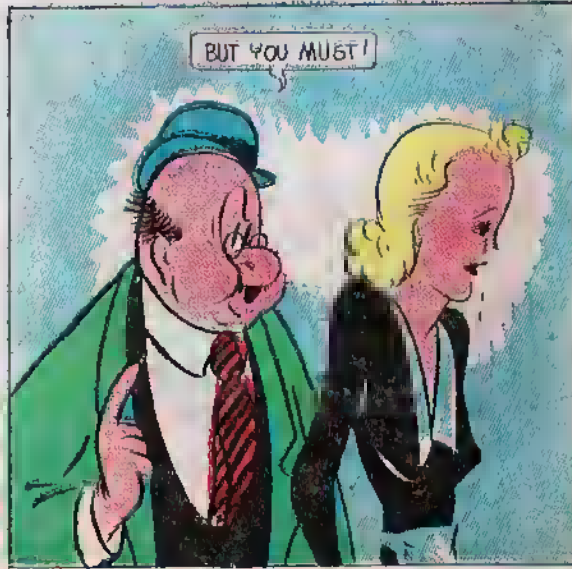
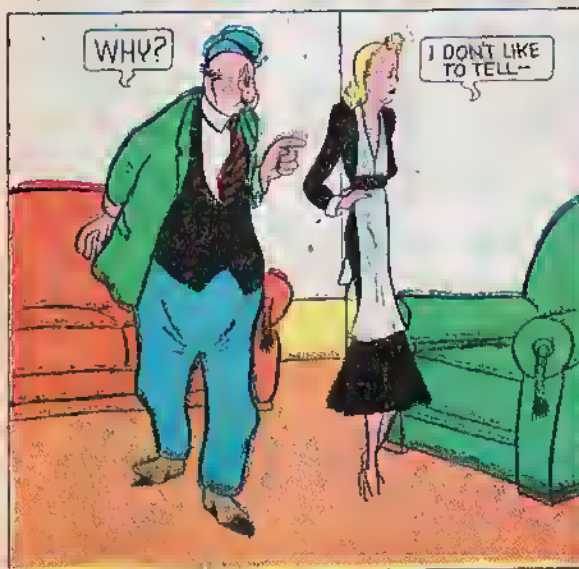
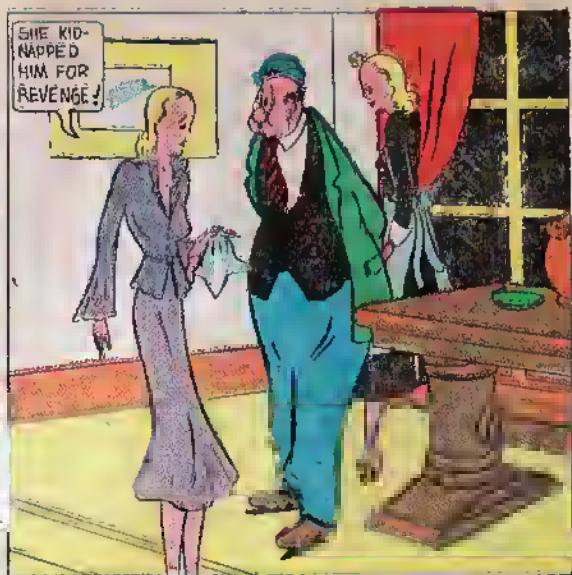
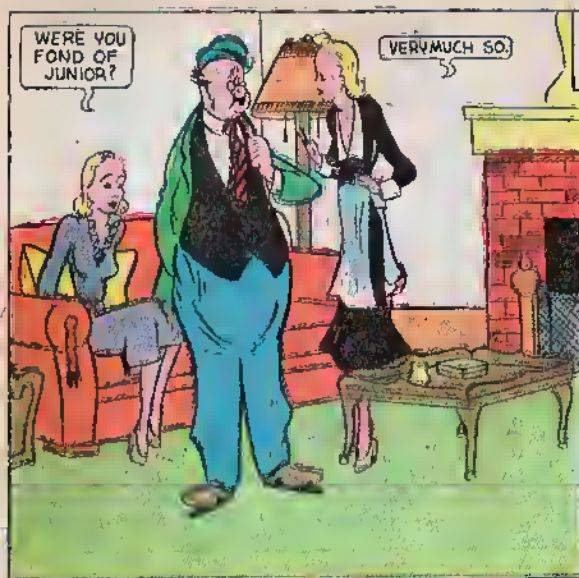


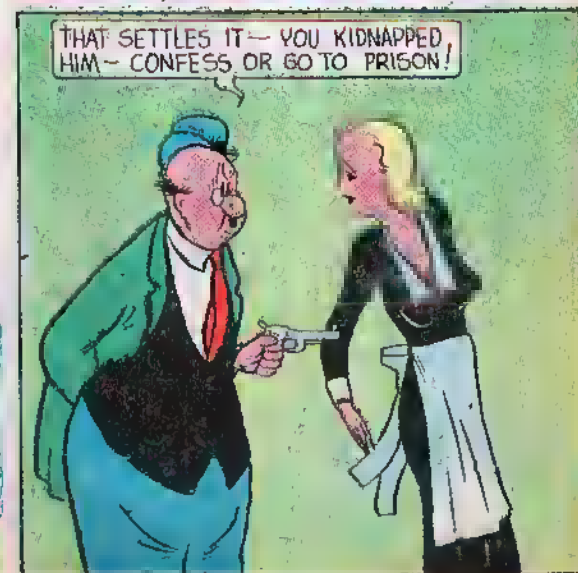
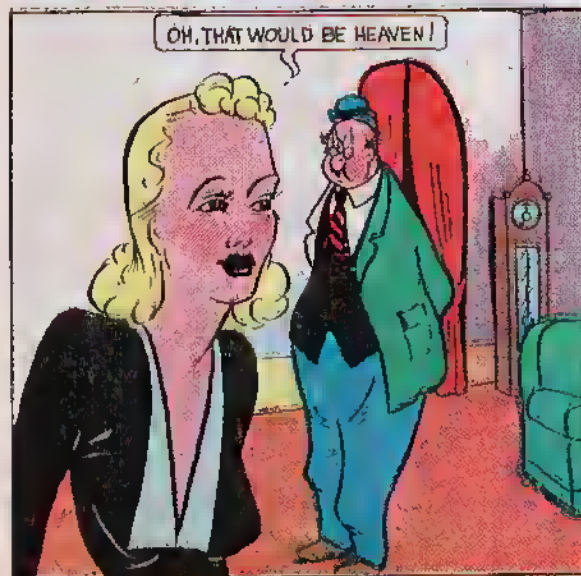
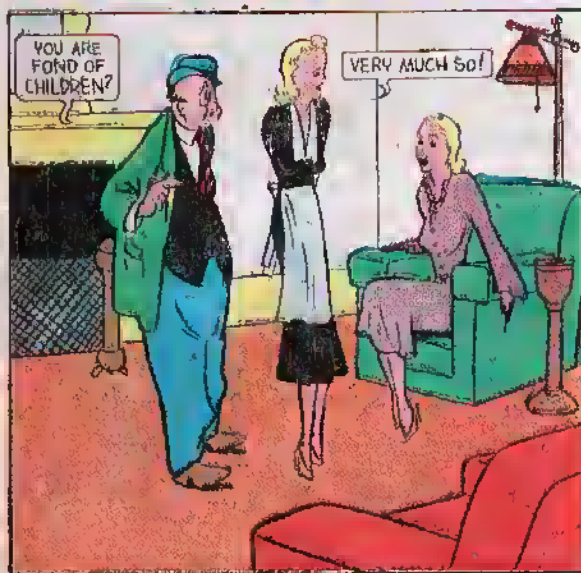
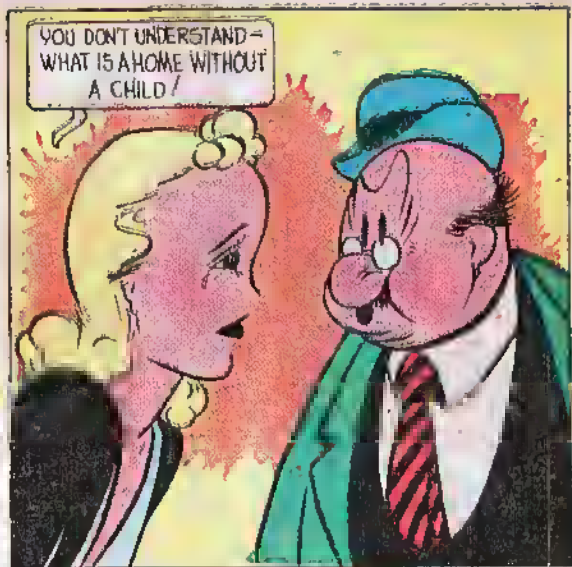
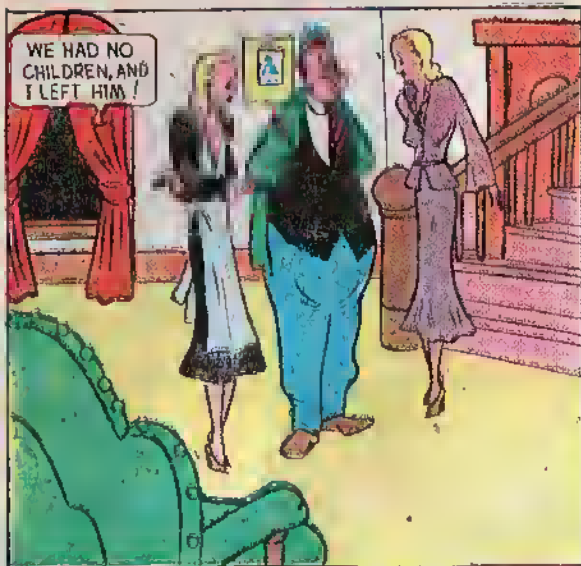
HE GAZED UPON THIS WORK OF ART WITH
DABS OF RED AND BLUE -
SAID HE. "IT'S WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR,
IT LOOKS SO REAL AND TRUE."
BARKED OINKY PUP TO DOB O'DAY
"I TOLD YOU FROM THE START -
THE PEOPLE WANT THE NEWER STUFF
CALLED MODERNISTIC ART!"

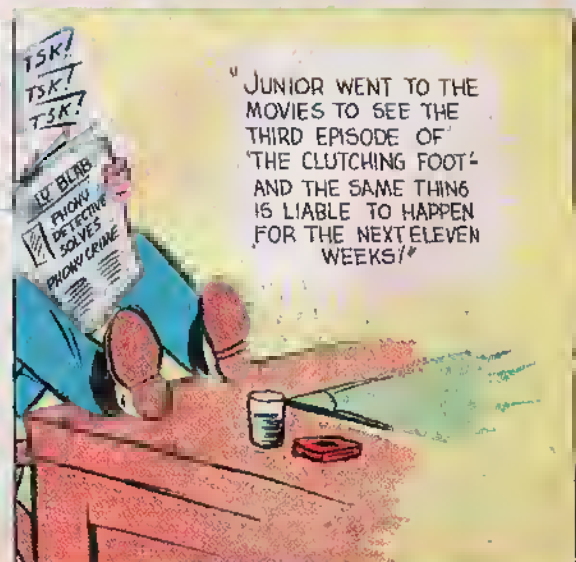
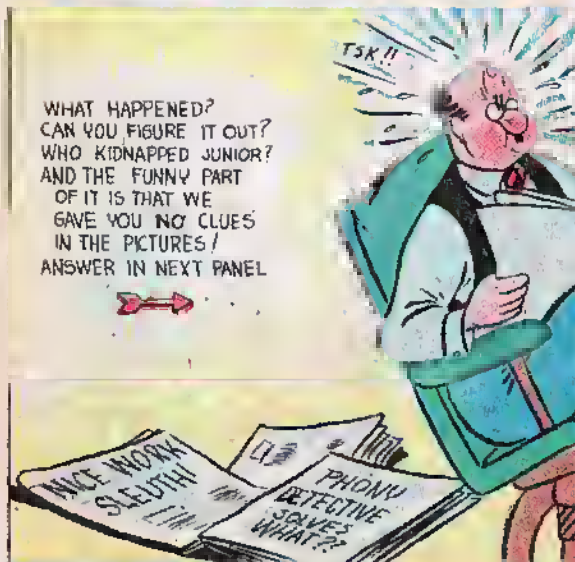
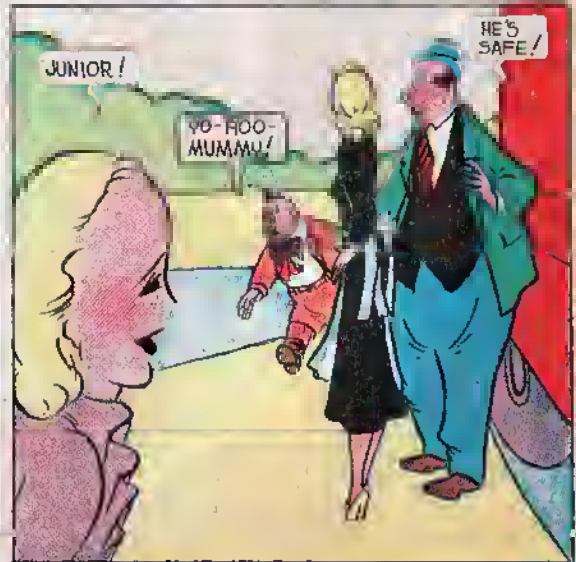
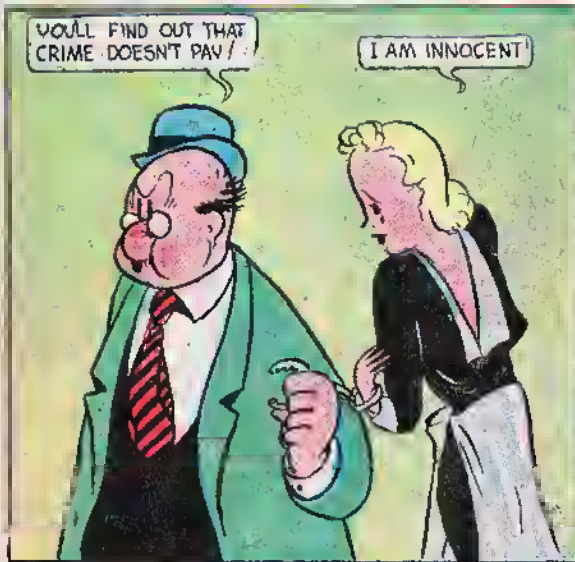
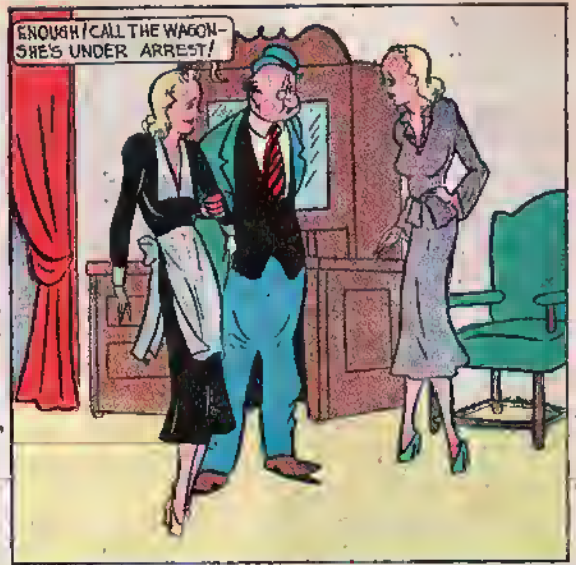
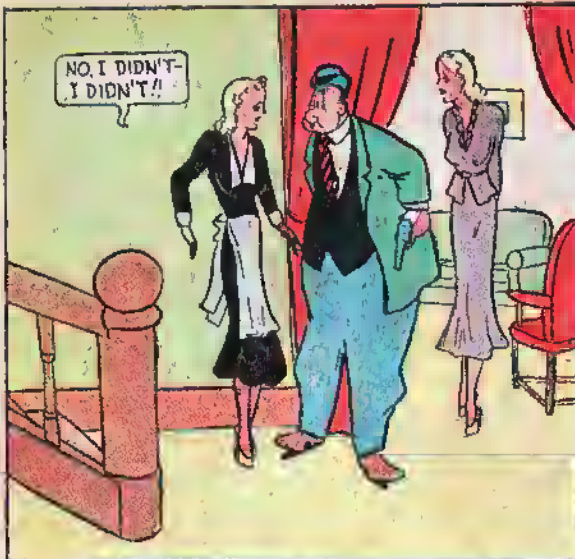




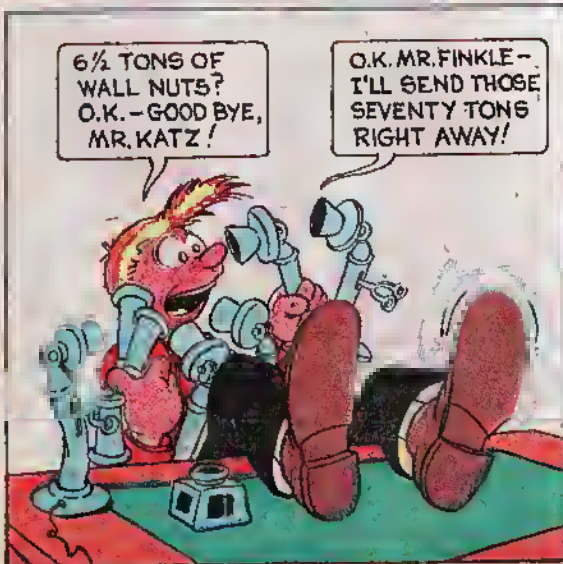
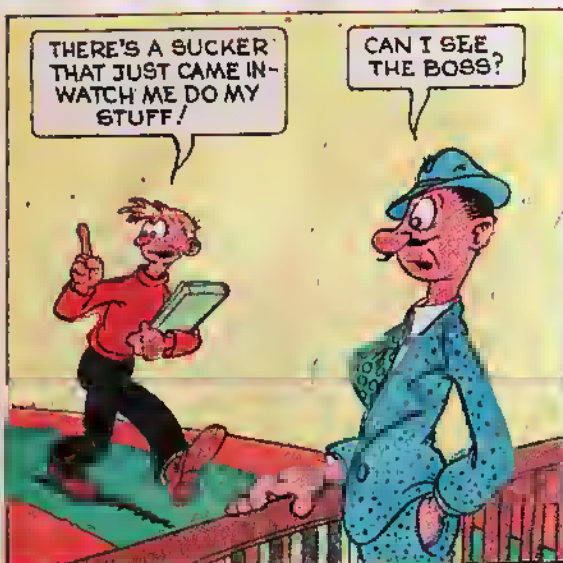
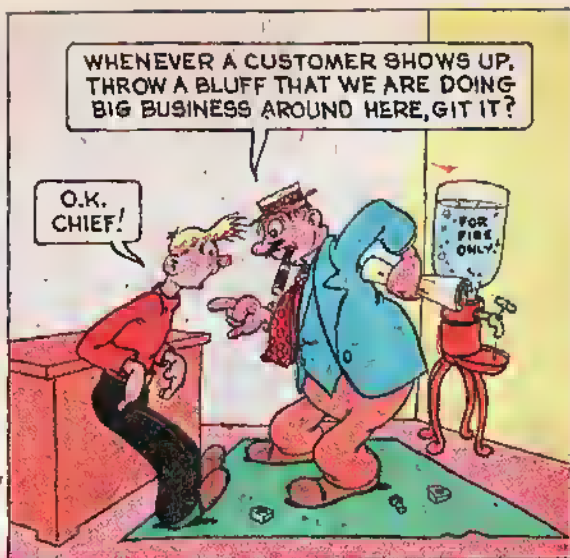






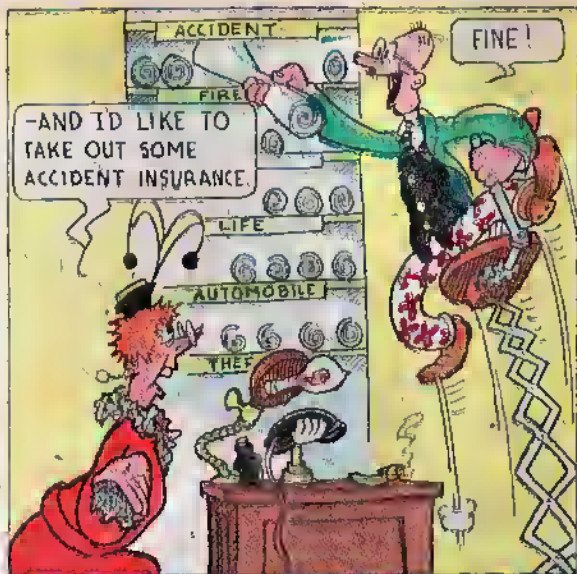


3RD CLASS 3 Male



Insurance IKE

QUICK!!—MAKE
ME OUT A WIFE
INSURANCE POLICY!



JIM COMES THROUGH

by MAURICE GUTWIRTH



I UNDERSTAND THERE'S A MANAGER'S JOB OPEN IN OUR CHICAGO OFFICE, MR. HENLEY.

THAT'S RIGHT, JIM



WELL, SIR, I KNOW THE BUSINESS PRETTY WELL, AND I WAS WONDERING IF YOU WOULD CONSIDER ME FOR THE POSITION.

IT'S A BIG JOB, JIM-

- LOTS OF RESPONSIBILITY, AND SO FORTH. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE TOO YOUNG FOR THE JOB.

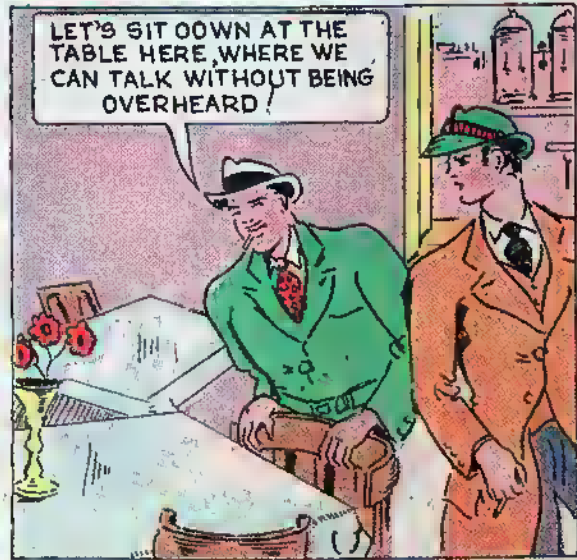
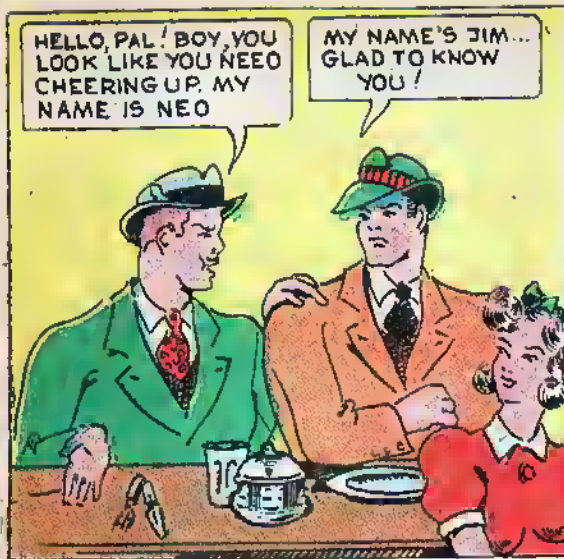
I'M SORRY, SIR!



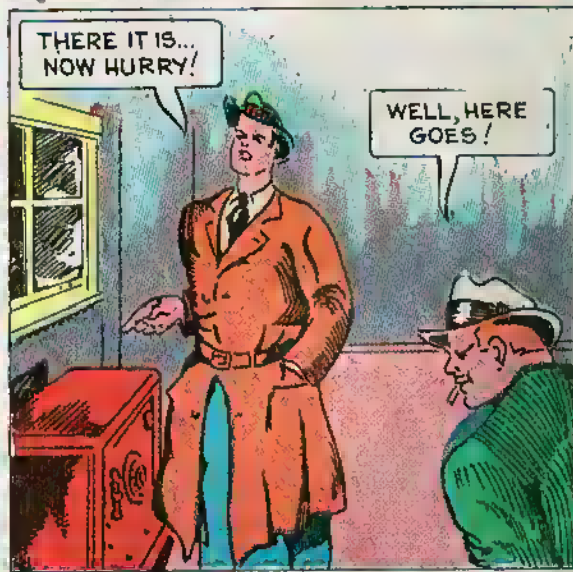
DISAPPOINTED AND DISCOURAGED, JIM LEAVES THE OFFICE AT THE END OF THE DAY...

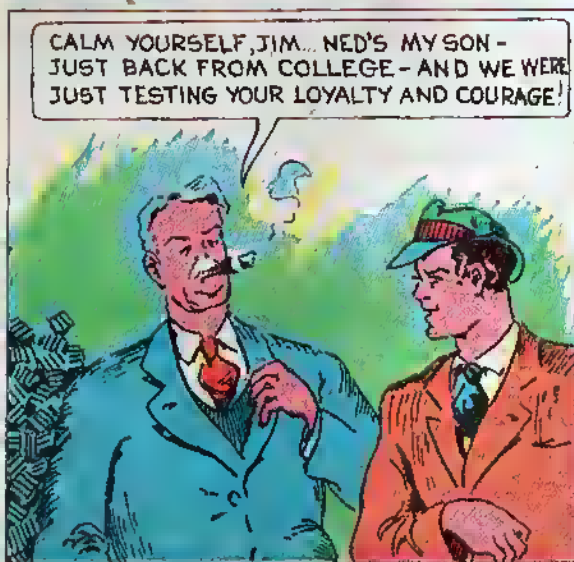
AND STOPS OFF TO EAT AT A LUNCHROOM.

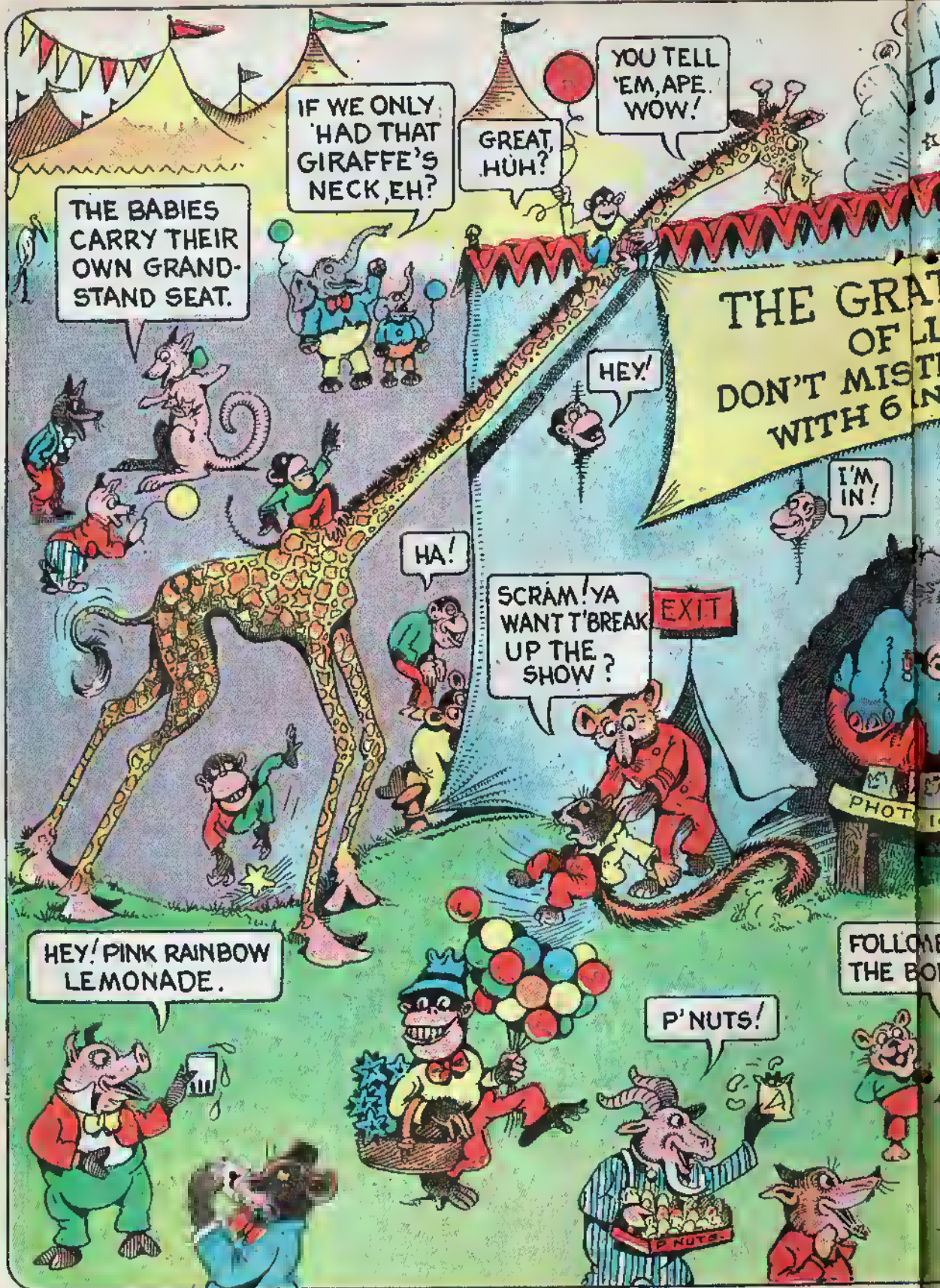


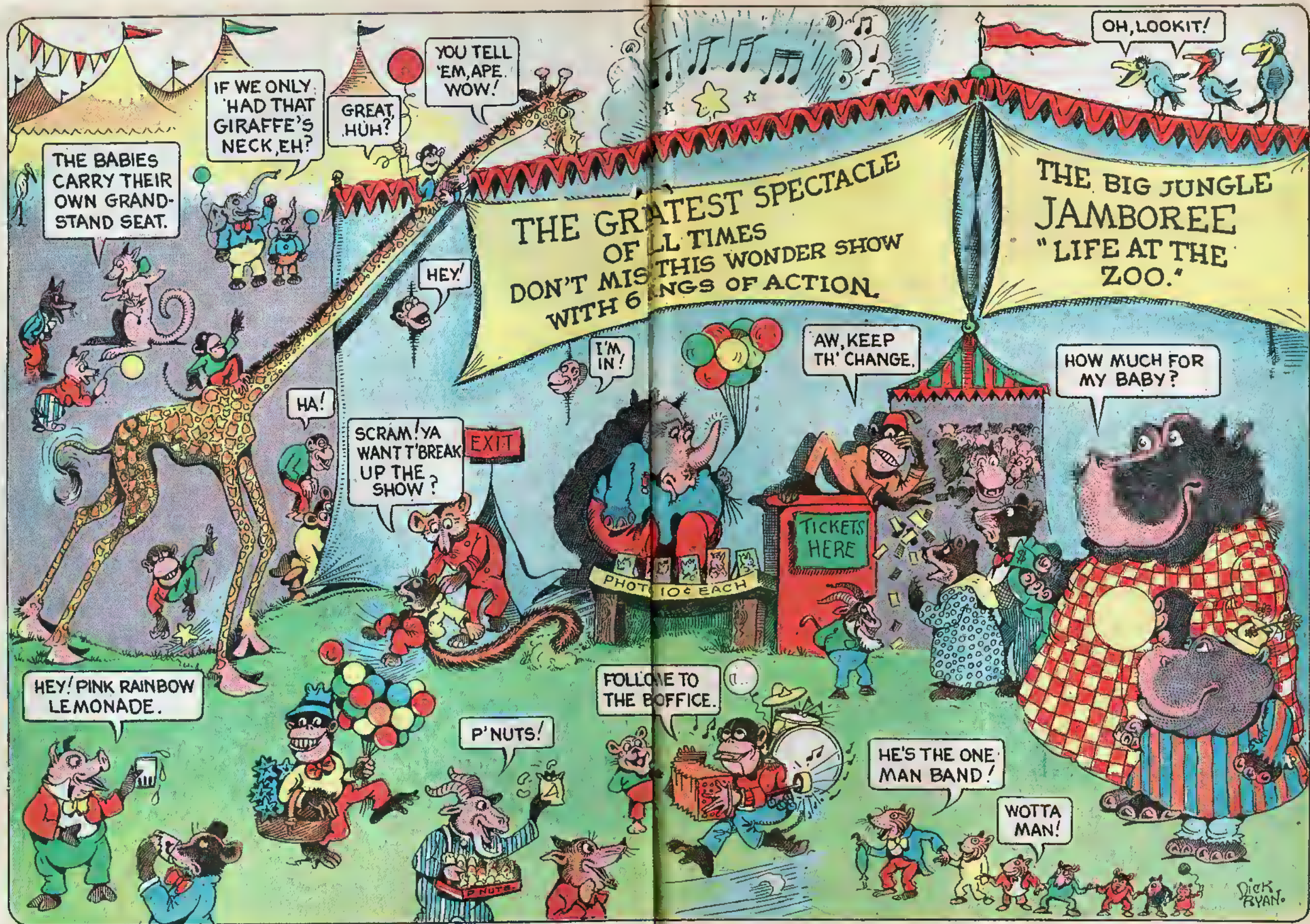












THE BABIES
CARRY THEIR
OWN GRAND-
STAND SEAT.

IF WE ONLY
'HAD THAT
GIRAFFE'S
NECK, EH?

GREAT,
HUH?

YOU TELL
'EM, APE.
WOW!

HEY!

I'M
IN!

SCRAM! YA
WANT T'BREAK
UP THE
SHOW?

EXIT

HEY! PINK RAINBOW
LEMONADE.

P'NUTS!

FOLLOW ME TO
THE BOFFICE.

HE'S THE ONE
MAN BAND!

WOTTA
MAN!

OH, LOOKIT!

THE GREATEST SPECTACLE
OF ALL TIMES
DON'T MISS THIS WONDER SHOW
WITH 6 HOURS OF ACTION.

THE BIG JUNGLE
JAMBOREE
"LIFE AT THE
ZOO."

AW, KEEP
TH' CHANGE.

HOW MUCH FOR
MY BABY?

TICKETS
HERE

PHOTO 10¢ EACH

DICK
RYAN

LATEST SPECTACLE
ALL TIMES
THIS WONDER SHOW
INGS OF ACTION

THE BIG JUNGLE
JAMBOREE
"LIFE AT THE
ZOO."

OH, LOOKIT!

AW, KEEP
TH' CHANGE.

HOW MUCH FOR
MY BABY?

TICKETS
HERE

OME TO
BOFFICE.

HE'S THE ONE
MAN BAND!

WOTTA
MAN!

DICK
RYAN

Black NIGHT

BY
CLAUD RUSSELL



ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK FROLLO

State Trooper Jerry Keefe wiped some of the mist off the windshield of his patrol car and eased up on the gas a little. The fog was rolling in over the New Jersey coast in huge globs.

He saw the shape of a car arise out of the mist. It was parked haphazardly, with the front wheels off the road and the rear of the car sticking out dangerously into the highway. Keefe jammed on his brakes. He climbed out and walked back to the parked car. As he neared it, he recognized it for Daley's light coupe. Daley belonged to the Coast Patrol. He yanked open the door and gasped with surprise and horror. A body was slumped over the wheel. He snapped the light switch of the car and it failed to throw on the lights.

"Daley!" Keefe gasped. "It's — Daley!"

He ran back to his car, got the flashlight fastened to the dash and returned to the death car. His face was grim and set. Keefe turned on the switch of his flash and his jaw dropped.

Daley's body was gone!

Only a grisly stain showed that a dead man had been in the car. Keefe's hand dropped to his holstered gun, opened the flap and yanked the weapon free. He circled the car, trying to penetrate the fog in the direction of the sea. If Daley had been murdered, smugglers were the cause.

A jet of flame darted from a point a dozen yards ahead of him. Keefe barely saw it and the explosion of the gun was cut off short. Something that felt like a trip hammer slugged him across the temple. He spun around, groping wildly for support. Then his knees buckled and as he fell, he knew that blood was running down over his forehead and into his eyes.

He wasn't aware of the two men who came creeping out of the bushes beside the road. They glanced down at him. One of them grunted and with his foot rolled the trooper's body toward the cliffs bordering the shore.

"He's croaked all right," one of the men said. "Got it right through the head. We'll feed him to the fishes. If they find him later on, we should worry. They'll figure it was smugglers who bumped that coast guard guy and this one, too."

The second man merely grunted again, poised Keefe's body on the brink of the ledge and shoved hard. Keefe went hurtling through the air. He struck a soft pile of sand, rolled off it and lay for a second on the beach until the water seeped around him as the tide swept in.

It was the cooling effect of the water that brought him out of it. He groaned softly, opened his eyes and tried to figure out where he was. His head was splitting with pain and as the salt water hit the wound on his temple, he winced.

He managed to get to his feet and reeled across the beach toward the overhanging ledge from which he had been hurled. There he felt safer and facts began to assimilate themselves in his mind. He knew that Daley was dead—murdered and the same men who had killed him had made a good attempt to deplete the State Police ranks by one member.

Keefe felt for his gun. It was gone! He still had a black-jack thrust into a narrow, especially prepared pocket of his trousers. It was better than nothing. He tried to figure out his next move and so far he could see, there was none. The killers were undoubtedly ten miles away by this time.

Then Keefe shook his head to dispel cobwebs and stared out to sea. It was foggy, but he was able to distinguish dim lights half a mile out. They were spaced far apart and he judged that ship was an ocean going freighter or a huge yacht. And it was anchored, which was suggestive enough. As he watched, the lights winked out, but a moment later a yellowish glow of a fog-penetrating searchlight began to blink.

Small stones and sand dropped all around him and he heard men hurrying down from the road. Keefe dropped and huddled behind a clump of brush, holding his breath for fear he might be spotted.

"No trace of that trooper," one of the men called to the other. "Guess he must have been carried out to sea like that Coast Guardsman. Listen—we ain't got a minute to lose. That freighter won't park long. These waters are full of Coast Guard cutters. Where's that motor-boat?"

"Over to your left," the other man answered gruffly.

Keefe couldn't see either man, but he heard them clamber aboard a speed boat, push off and start the motor. It would take them the better part of an hour to reach the freighter and return. Keefe decided to investigate the situation on the road.

"They've got to have some means of getting away from this spot," he told himself as he toiled up the steep embankment. "If there's a load of contraband coming in, I'll probably find a truck."

Keefe began running lightly along the pavement, his blackjack in his hand. He was looking for a truck and the possibility that a man had been left to guard it was not unlikely.

The rear of a sedan loomed up through the fog. Keefe slowed down, rubbed his chin a second and then plunged quietly into the timber lining the road. He came toward the sedan from the right side, moving as softly as a ghost.

Someone was humming in the car and he made out the form of a man behind the wheel. Keefe, bent double, approached the sedan slowly, grateful for the fog now. He reached up, took a firm grip on the door handle and as he yanked the door open, he leaped into the car. The nose of his blackjack prodded the driver in the ribs.

"Up!" Keefe said hoarsely. "Get 'em up!"

The startled driver gasped and automatically raised his arms. Then he peered down and saw no glistening gun in the trooper's hand. With a bellow of rage, he dropped his arms and shot a fast, powerful blow that glanced off Keefe's chin.

The trooper raised his blackjack, took one more punch full in the face and let go with the weapon. It struck the driver across the back of the neck. He slumped forward, his chest hitting the wheel of the car. The horn blasted eerily through the fog. Keefe cursed and pulled the half-conscious man away.

He dragged him out of the car, yanked him to his feet and shook him, like a puppy would a rag doll. The driver opened his eyes and shivered.

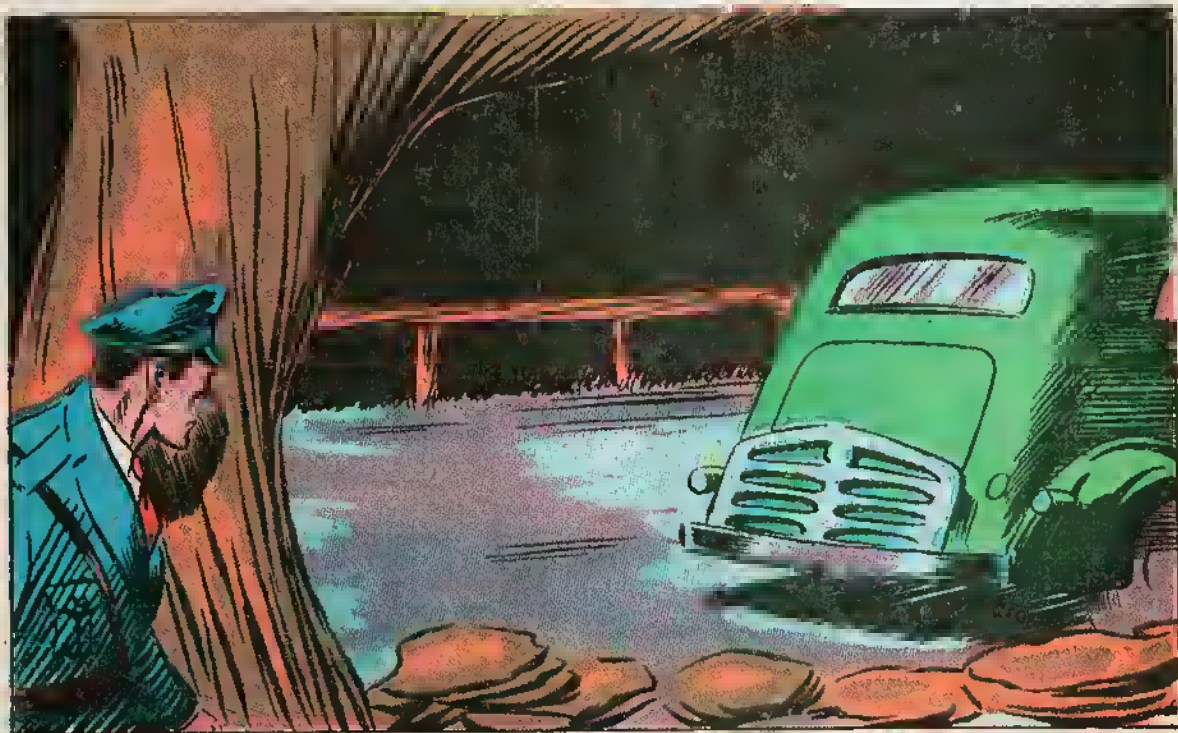
"You—you're—dead," he managed through puffed lips. "Brennan said he—bumped you." "Start talking, punk!" Keefe snorted.

The crook's mouth closed with a snap and a sullen expression came over his face. "I don't know what you're talkin' about," he parried. "What's the idea? I was just parked, waitin' for this fog to lift. You ain't got no right to—"

"Stow it," Keefe snapped. "That's a pat story cooked up in case somebody happened along. Who are your pals and what are they after? Who killed Daley—the Coast Guard patrolman?"

Suddenly the crook's right leg shot out, kicked Keefe a terrific blow on the ankle and tripped him. As he went down, the crook yanked a gun from his pocket and with a cry of elation, brought the weapon down for a shot that would end the fight and Trooper Keefe as well.

But Keefe was no slouch in rough and tumble fighting. Old Kerrigan, physical instructor for





the barracks had taught him well. Keefe grabbed the thug around the legs and with an expert yank brought him plunging to the ground. The gun exploded and Keefe cursed again. If those men on board the motor launch heard either the blast of the car horn or the shot, they would be wary when they returned and would be ready for trouble.

The thug hammered a short arm jab to Keefe's face. The trooper spat blood, bent one knee and drove it into his opponent's midriff. The crook gave a grunt of pain, drew back his fist for another blow and in so doing left himself wide open for the swing. Keefe started toward him. It landed squarely on the chin and the crook's head jerked back while his eyes filmed over.

Keefe arose, dusted off his uniform and bent over the man. He searched him, but found nothing of importance. By prowling around in the darkness and fog, he discovered the automatic dropped in the fight. He felt better with the weapon clutched in his fist.

He ripped clothing from his prisoner, used the strips of cloth as ropes and gag. In five minutes the crook resembled a mummy. Keefe stowed him away in the rear seat of the car. He searched the sedan until he found a pair of pliers. With these he ripped and cut all the ignition wiring he could find. Then he closed the hood of the car and stepped back.

Keefe knew he was miles from any habitation and telephone. Whatever was to be done to round up these crooks would have to be a one man job. True, the coast was heavily patrolled by the Coast Guard, but in this fog they could see nothing.

Keefe reached the shore and the water swirled around his ankles. He stepped back, squatted and patiently awaited the return of the motorboat. How many men it would bring he had no idea, but in the purloined automatic he had enough slugs to wreak havoc with the crooks.

The putt-putt of the motor launch reached him. He drew the gun and more by sense of feeling than sight, made certain it was ready for action. Then he moved back until he was well concealed in the gloom and fog beneath the overhanging ledge.

The hull of the craft scraped on the sand. Someone jumped into the water and began to drag it shoreward. Keefe moved forward, the gun thrust out.

He heard the crooks step to the shore. With a leap he appeared before them, materializing out of the fog like a wraith.

"Stand where you are!" he snapped. "Each one of you lift your hands and don't try any tricks. I'd enjoy knocking a couple of you over."

"It's the trooper," one of the men gasped. "Fulton—why didn't he make sure this mug was stiff."

"Turn around!" Keefe ordered gruffly. "If either of you so much as twists his neck, I'll put a bullet through you."

He walked closer, searched the first man and extracted a heavy-caliber gun. He flung this into the night, heard it land on the sand yards away. The second crook had a knife as well as a gun. Keefe was working on the third one when his senses signalled flashes of danger. He whirled around. His gun barked once, but he missed. Another man had crept through the gloom to take him from behind. Keefe cursed himself for slipping up. They had heard the horn or the shot and one of their number had slipped into the water to swim ashore.

These thoughts flashed through his mind as he dodged a knife thrust from his new assailant. The other three thugs were coming at him now. Keefe determined to go out fighting. He pumped a slug over his shoulder and one of the men tumbled in a heap to the sand. The crook who had slipped through the fog to surprise him, leaped again. This time Keefe wasn't fast enough. The murderous blade ripped through the shoulder of his uniform and burned, white hot, into his flesh.

Someone grabbed his gun hand and twisted it savagely. A brawny arm wrapped itself around his neck, jerked his head back. Someone kicked him brutally in the stomach and another man clouted him across the face with the butt of the automatic he had dropped. Things began to spin. Keefe made one last effort to break loose. He raised both arms, grabbed the man who held him around the neck and lifted him bodily into the air. He hurled the crook straight at the knife-man who was crouched and ready to spring with an upthrust blade. Like a flash Keefe ran straight into the water until he was alongside the motor launch.

He spun around to meet the attack from the other crook who remained. This man came at him like a tornado. He was huge—a veritable giant of a man with long, powerful arms. Keefe side-stepped the attack neatly, but his opponent had planned on just such a move. He pulled short of the rush that Keefe expected would take him well beyond arm's length. The thug lashed out a roundhouse. Keefe tried to duck it, but the blow was too well timed. He felt himself lifted from the ground. He flew backward and landed heavily. Water surged all around him soaking his uniform.

One of the crooks leaped on him. Another stepped close and delivered a vicious kick that caught Keefe under the chin. He went limp, almost out.

The men were slowly regaining their wits. The wounded crook who carried Keefe's thirty-eight in his body, stepped close and administered a brutal kick to Keefe's ribs. The trooper groaned, still only semi-conscious.

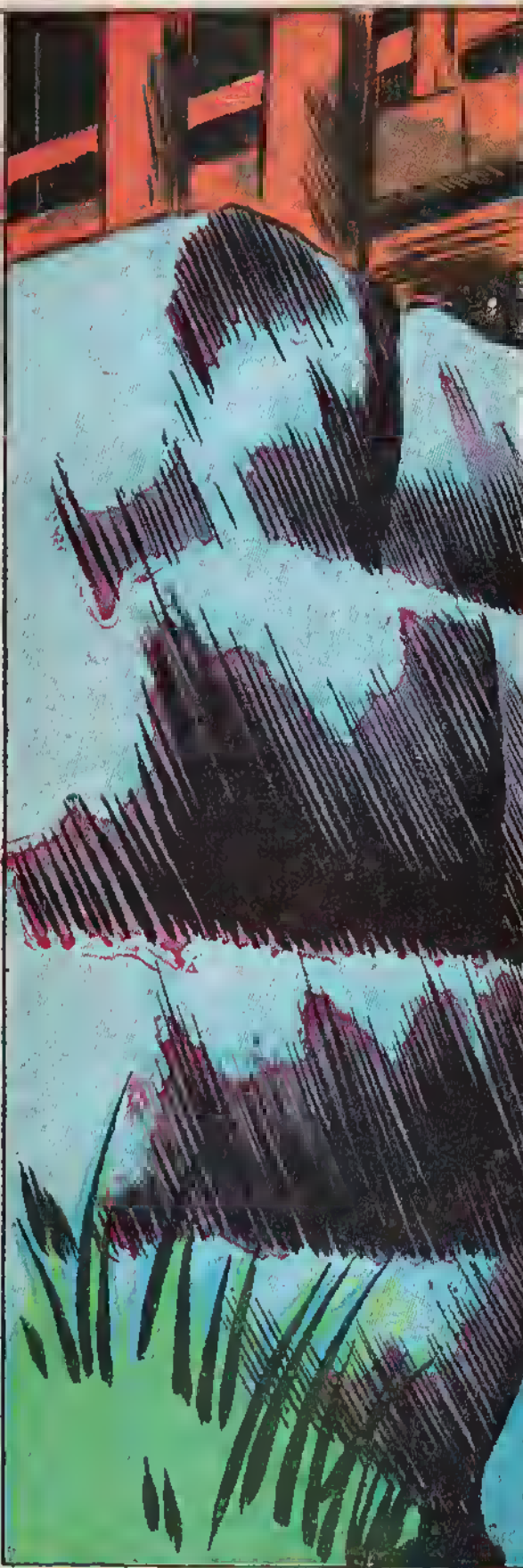
"I'm going to rub this trooper out now," the wounded crook growled. "There ain't nobody gonna say they put a slug in me and lived to tell about it."

He whipped out a gun and drew down on Keefe. The trooper held his breath. Consciousness returned with a snap when he sensed this threat to his life.

Another of the gang leaped toward the killer and flung the gun skyward.

"No," he snapped. "We may have to scram before we can get rid of him! Mitchell and me gotta get out of sight, understand? Them spigs down in South America will have every G-Man in the United States lookin' for us if they think we landed. G-heat is one thing I ain't so fond of."





"What do we do with him, then?" The man Keefe knew as Brennan was sarcastic. "Listen, Gollan, we earned our twenty-five grand for gettin' you and Mitchell ashore. We'll take you to a hideout, keep you there until the heat dies down. Just because you knocked off a couple of big shots in some little country don't mean you're done for the rest of your life."

Keefe, absorbing all this, suddenly found himself feverish. The names of the two crooks who had come ashore meant something. Gollan and Mitchell had been hired by a South American revolutionist to rub out two highly important figures. How they had accomplished their mission was grisly history. Every vessel along the coast was being searched for them—every suspicious looking traveller held for questioning. One of the largest international man hunts ever staged was in full swing and yet—the killers were here, standing inches away from Keefe and he was helpless to move.

"Hey, Brennan," one of the men called. "What about Tony—up in the car? Why don't he come down and see what's wrong? Because this rat of a trooper got him, that's why."

"Go up there," Brennan ordered. "If he ain't there, to the devil with him. If he is—put a slug through his skull. A guy dumb enough to let a trooper get him can't stay as one of my boys."

Gollan kicked Keefe experimentally in the ribs and Keefe had all he could do to stifle the groan that surged to his lips.

Gollan said, "We got to polish off this trooper. He knows too much, but it's gotta be done scientific. No trace of him, see? Here's what—we can take him out to sea, weight him down plenty and feed him to the fishes."

Brennan agreed complacently and they waited for their messenger to return from the car. Keefe fought to regain his strength. If they got him aboard their boat, he would be helpless, and end up in a watery grave. The men dispatched to the car came hurrying down the ledge.



"Tony is in the car—stiff," he reported. "I finished him off like you said. But every wire under the hood is ripped off. We can't use the crate."

Brennan swore luridly and said, "The trooper did that. This fog will lift in an hour and we can't hike to town. Soon as somebody finds that mess on the road, there'll be a million cops down here. We're going back to the freighter and land somewhere else. Gollan, you and Mitchell will be safer that way. We'll take care of the trooper on our way out. Back to the boat, boys, and step on it."

Keefe lay quietly considering his chances of escape. They were meagre yet it was far better to die trying than to simply submit to Brennan's sadistical impulses. Keefe tensed his muscles. The launch rode the surf smoothly. One man was wading out toward it. Keefe suddenly leaped to his feet. He headed straight for the water, plunged into it and guns cracked.

His shoulder felt as if someone had given it a terrific push. There was a biting sensation just below his armpit. One leg seemed to all but lose its sense of feeling. But he went on until he was waist high in the water. Another slug struck him just above the ear, a glancing, painful wound that rattled him badly. He dropped to his knees in the water and a cry of elation came from the shore.

"Got him that time," Brennan shouted. "Did you see his head jerk? That finishes the trooper, but we got to run for it in case somebody heard the shooting. Let's go!"

But Keefe was swimming as fast as he could. One hand fumbled in his pocket, found a round metal object and as he swam by the launch, he risked hurling this object into the stern. There was a rope dangling off the rail. Brennan, the two murderers and the rest of Brennan's mob didn't wait for the launch to be towed back to the beach. They waded toward it and, one by one, the scrambled aboard. The motors started and by this time Keefe had swam several hundred feet out to sea.





He turned over and floated while his spinning senses steadied themselves and he fought savagely to retain consciousness. The salt water bit into his wounds. He knew he was bleeding badly, but grim determination gave him the strength to continue.

The launch slid by him. He reached out, grabbed the trailing rope and hung on. The screw kicked up foam enough to hide him and the fog also helped tremendously. He began to pull himself along the rope closer and closer to the speeding launch, keeping his head above water with an effort and spitting out the foam that sometimes choked him.

Someone edged toward the stern, directly above the spot where he clung grimly to the rope. One of the men leaned far over the rail to peer into the fog.

"Don't see any sign of the trooper," he yelled. "He's fish food by now."

He was grinning wolfishly as he spoke, but that grin turned to a look of agonized horror. An arm came up out of the fog and the sea. It grabbed him by the throat and pulled him over the rail. He hit the water and his scream was stifled.

"Jack went overboard," Brennan shouted. "Somebody hand me a boat hook and slow up. I'll haul him back."

The boat slowed. Brennan, armed with a boat hook, began peering down into the sea and cursing at the fog. Keefe, two feet away from the killer took a long breath, let go of the rope and grabbed the boat hook. Brennan came hurtling over the rail. So swift and unexpected had been Keefe's yank on that hook

that Brennan's wits didn't work fast enough for him to let go. The launch began to move forward again.

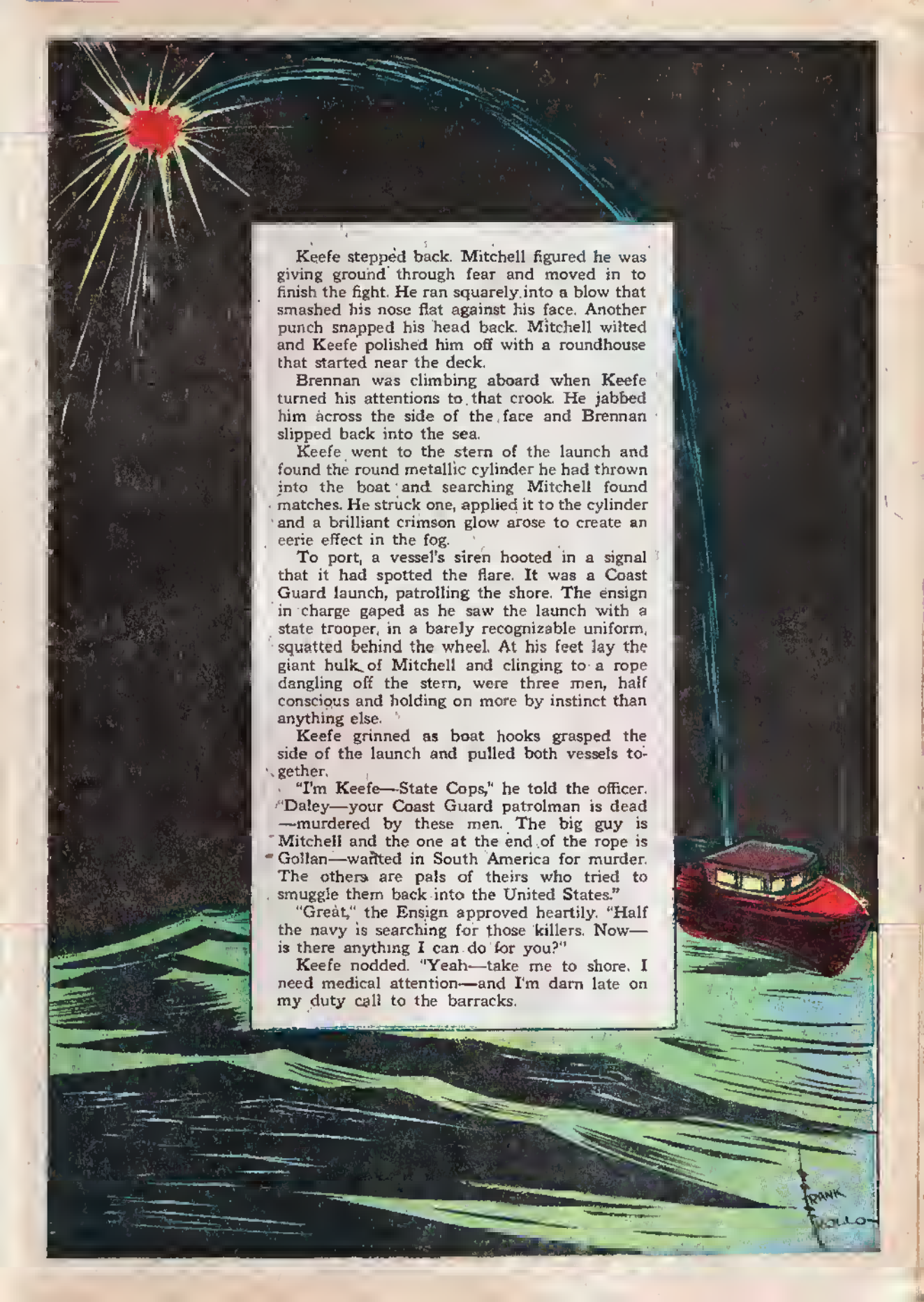
Now there were but two men aboard, but they were the worst of the lot. Both hunted killers and capable of more murder without batting an eyelash. Keefe gripped the rail and suddenly pulled himself up and over. The two killers were in the prow, guiding the launch on its course. One of them glanced around, saw Keefe and with a snarl of hate reached for his gun.

Keefe literally flew across the deck of the launch. He hit the killer just below the knees. With a wild yell of fear, the crook hurtled backward, made a vain grab at the rail and went overboard. Only the giant killer remained.

He left the wheel, whipped out a gun and opened fire. The second bullet clipped a slice out of Keefe's arm, the third burrowed into his thigh, but he kept on coming. The killer laughed, hurled the gun away and opened his arms wide as he moved toward the trooper. If those arms ever encircled him, Keefe knew it would be over.

He lowered his head unexpectedly as he neared the big thug and rammed him hard in his paunch of a stomach. Before he could recover, Keefe rapped two blows to the chin and connected.

Mitchell's flailing arms went into action, driving home half a dozen body blows that took a severe toll on Keefe's strength. To one side the trooper could see Brennan swimming toward the now drifting launch. The fight had to be ended swiftly or the result would be hopeless.



Keefe stepped back. Mitchell figured he was giving ground through fear and moved in to finish the fight. He ran squarely into a blow that smashed his nose flat against his face. Another punch snapped his head back. Mitchell wilted and Keefe polished him off with a roundhouse that started near the deck.

Brennan was climbing aboard when Keefe turned his attentions to that crook. He jabbed him across the side of the face and Brennan slipped back into the sea.

Keefe went to the stern of the launch and found the round metallic cylinder he had thrown into the boat and searching Mitchell found matches. He struck one, applied it to the cylinder and a brilliant crimson glow arose to create an eerie effect in the fog.

To port, a vessel's siren hooted in a signal that it had spotted the flare. It was a Coast Guard launch, patrolling the shore. The ensign in charge gaped as he saw the launch with a state trooper, in a barely recognizable uniform, squatted behind the wheel. At his feet lay the giant hulk of Mitchell and clinging to a rope dangling off the stern, were three men, half conscious and holding on more by instinct than anything else.

Keefe grinned as boat hooks grasped the side of the launch and pulled both vessels together.

"I'm Keefe—State Cops," he told the officer. "Daley—your Coast Guard patrolman is dead—murdered by these men. The big guy is Mitchell and the one at the end of the rope is Gollan—wanted in South America for murder. The others are pals of theirs who tried to smuggle them back into the United States."

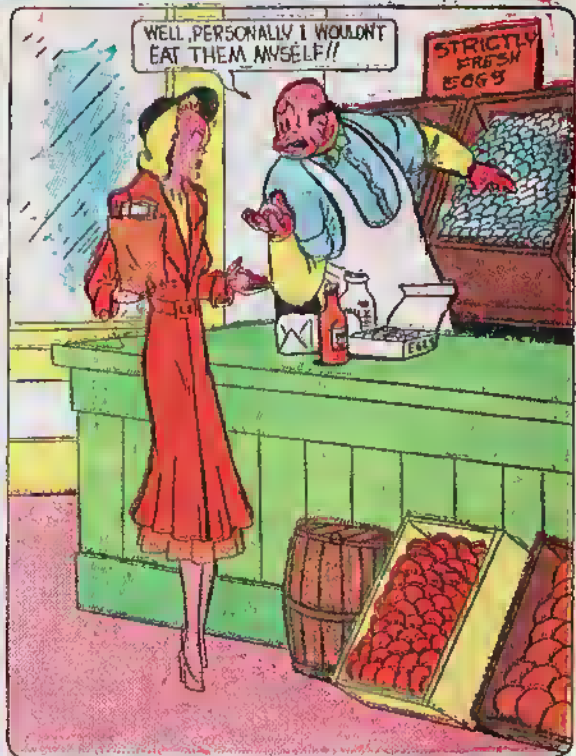
"Great," the Ensign approved heartily. "Half the navy is searching for those killers. Now—is there anything I can do for you?"

Keefe nodded. "Yeah—take me to shore. I need medical attention—and I'm darn late on my duty call to the barracks."

PANK
GOLLO

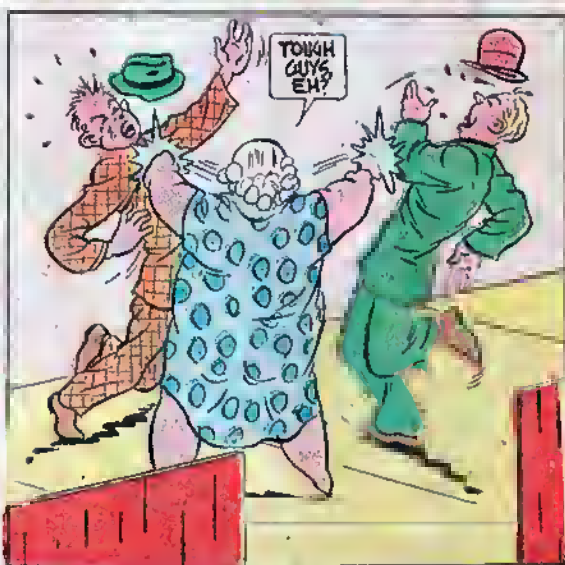
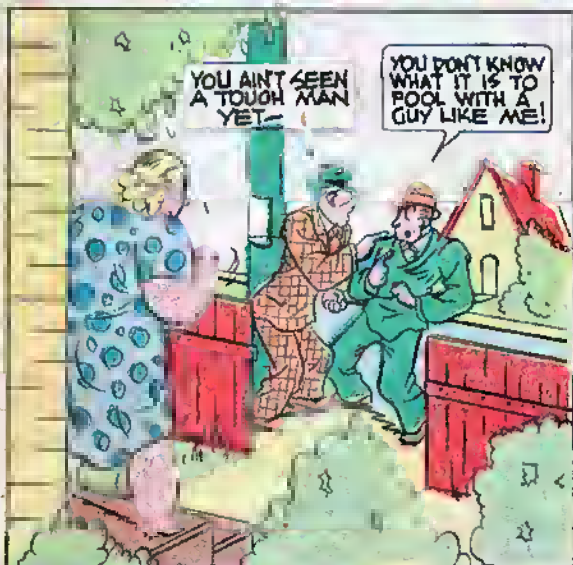
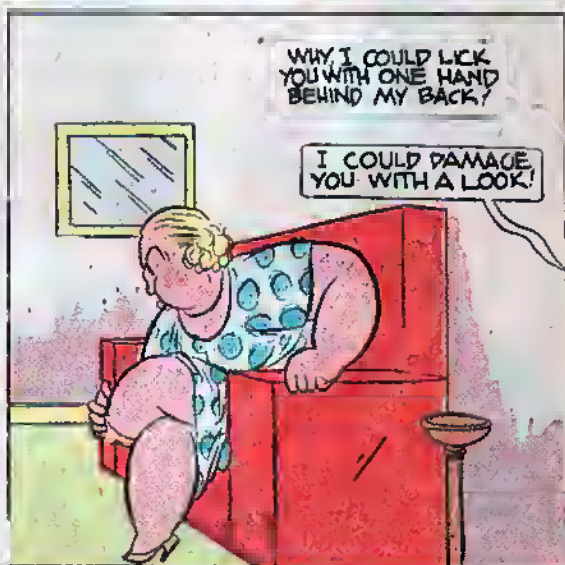
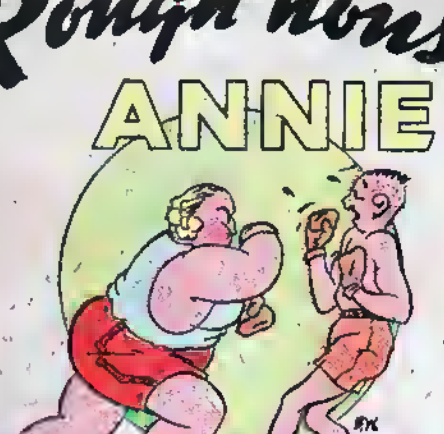


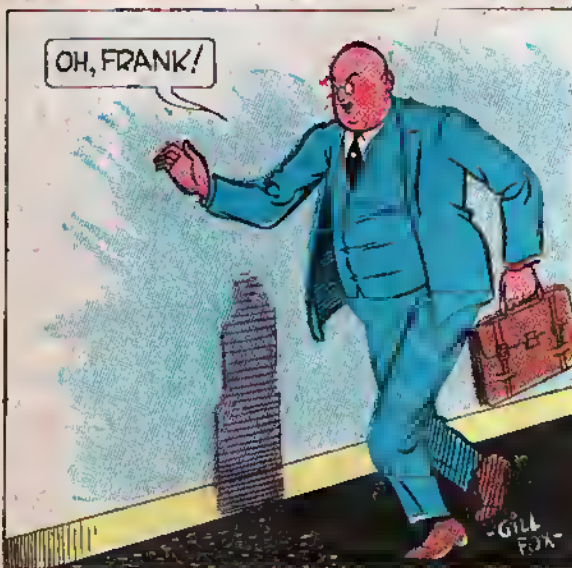
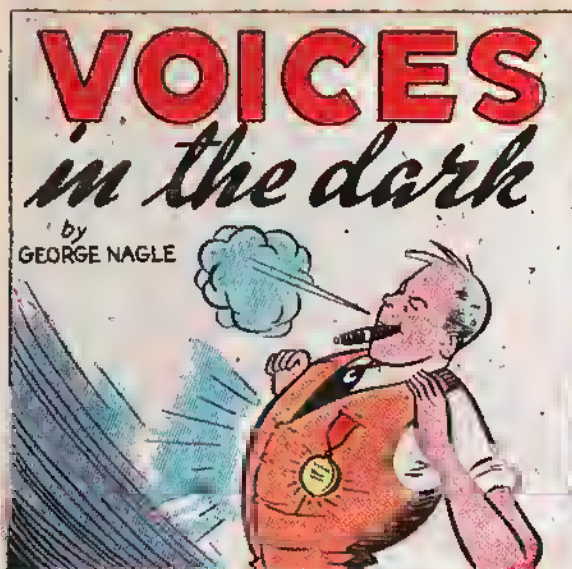
Nothing BUT THE TRUTH

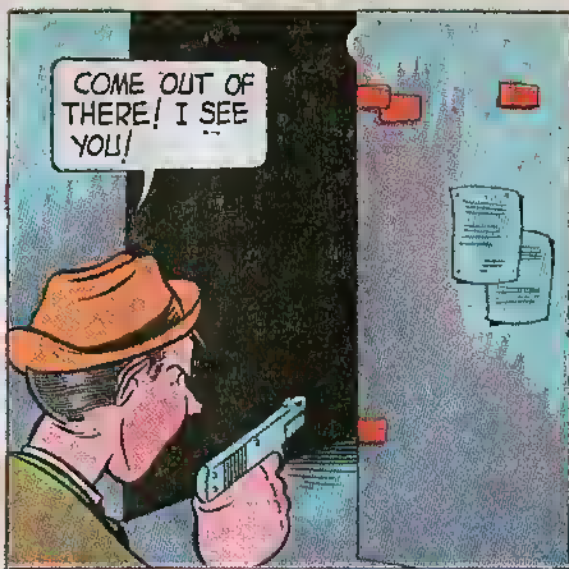
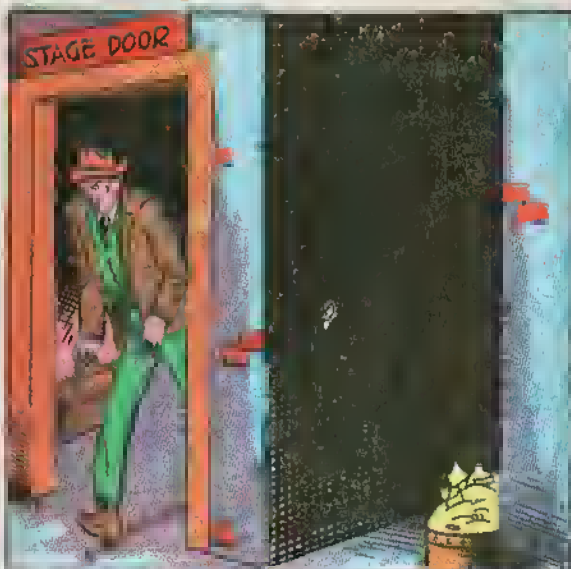


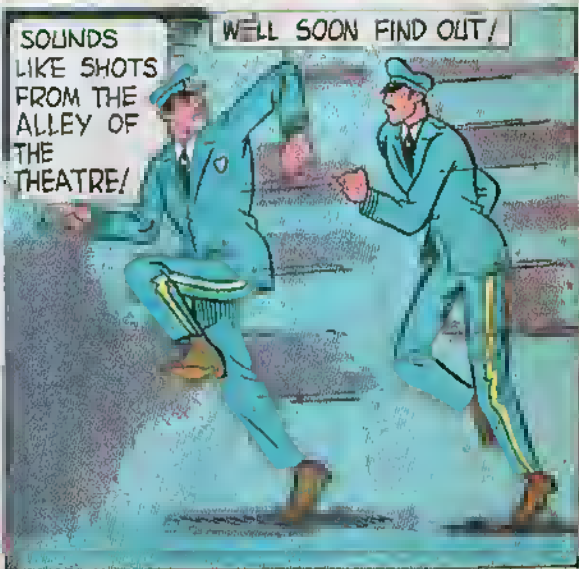
Rough house

ANNIE



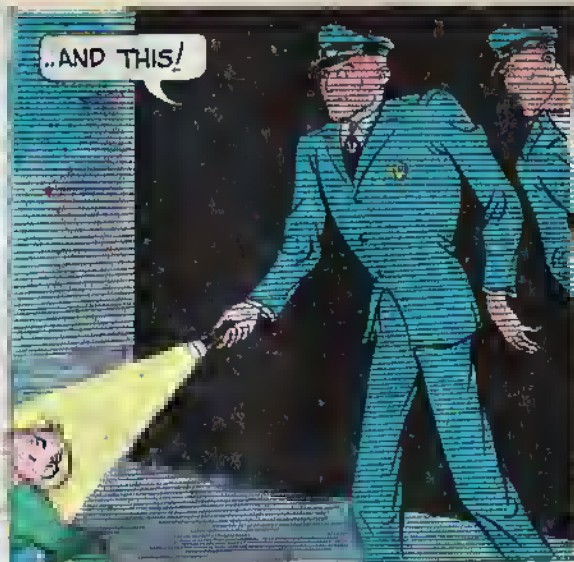








WHAT'S THIS!



..AND THIS!



WHY, IT'S FRANK!

HI' BOYS..



QUITE A STUNT, FRANK.
CATCHING THESE TWO
CROOKS SINGLE HANDED!!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN
SINGLE HANDED?



IN THE DAYS OF VAUDEVILLE FRANK
USED TO BE HENRI, THE GREAT
VENTRILOQUIST, AND IT WAS VERY
EASY FOR HIM TO THROW HIS VOICE
AND MAKE YOU THINK THAT SOME-
ONE ELSE WAS IN THE ALLEY! COME
ALONG-THE JUDGE WOULD LIKE TO
HEAR THAT STORY....



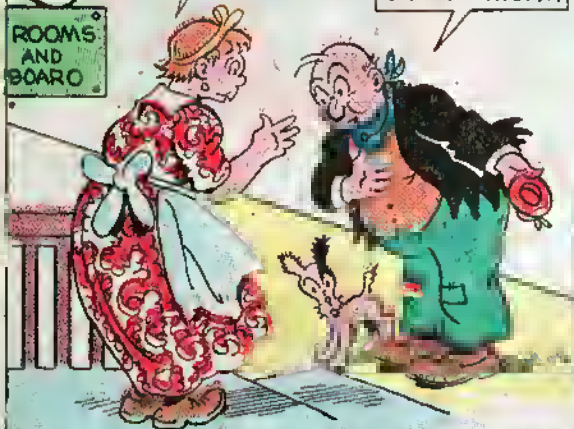
DUSTY



ROOMS ARE EIGHT DOLLARS
A WEEK AND UP... WHEN
I CAN GET IT!

SAY, LADY, I DON'T
WANNA BUY THE
JOINT, I JEST
WANNA FLOP
FOR TH' NIGHT!

ROOMS
AND
BOARD

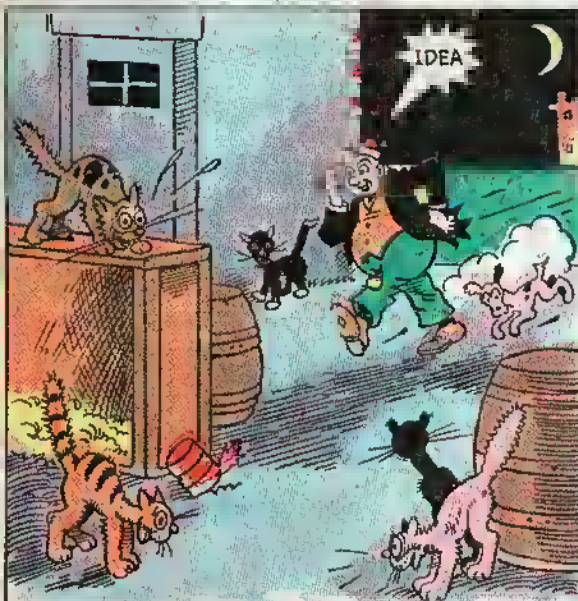


WHEN OUSTY STRUCK THE PIKE ONCE MORE,
(HE SURE HAD LOTS OF CARE.)
THE COST OF LIVING VEXED HIM SORE.
IN FACT, HE'D HAD A SCARE!
HE SEARCHED IN VAIN TO FIND HIMSELF
A COZY LITTLE ROOM,
BUT THE PRICES WERE SO HIGH
IT FILLED HIS HEART WITH GLOOM.

CHEER UP, PAL!
IF WE AIN'T GOT
NOTHIN', WE
CAN'T LOSE IT!



HE SAT UPON THE CURBSTONE JUST WONDERING
WHAT TO DO!
THIS HOUSING PROBLEM WAS THE BUNK -
IT MADE THE TRAMP FEEL BLUE.
"LET'S WANDER DOWN THE ALLEY, PAL -
PERHAPS WE'LL FIND A NOOK
WHERE HIGH RENT IS QUITE UNKNOWN.
C'MON, LET'S HAVE A LOOK!"



BY SEEMING LUCK THIS PLACE THEY STRUCK,
IT WAS OPEN TO ALL COMERS.
BUT, HOLY SCATS! 'T WAS FULL OF CATS,
A CAMP OF FELINE BUMMERS!
"HA, HA!" LAUGHED HE, "I'M NOT SO DUMB -
I'M CRAZY LIKE A FOX!"
FOR JUST AHEAD, AROUND THE BEND,
HE SPIED A PACKING BOX.



IT'S FULL OF STRAW AND SHAVINGS, TOO!
SAID DUSTY, "IT'S A SNAP!
IT'S JUST THE PLACE FOR YOU AND ME
TO HAVE OUR LITTLE NAP!
SO THEY CRAWLED INSIDE THE BOX
BEFORE THOSE CATS COULD RALLY;
AND SOON WERE OFF TO SLUMBERLANDO -
'T WAS DOWN IN CATNIP ALLEY!"

His Highness



THE RESTORED PEACE OF KASPIANA BRINGS HAPPINESS UNTIL A RAILROAD TRAIN, IN WHICH KING LOUIS IS RIDING, IS STOPPED BY TROUBLE. ERIC IS TO TRACE THE CAUSE ARE IN VAIN, AND ERIC DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE PERSONALLY.



CAPTAIN KRIS LOPEZ HAD BEEN RECOGNIZED AND THUS HAD BEEN UNABLE TO FIND ANY UNREST. ERIC, DISGUISED AS A FOREIGN AGITATOR, TRIES ANOTHER SCHEME.



...AND SO YOU STARTED A RE-VOLT, AND AT THE FIRST SIGN OF OPPOSITION FROM THE GOVERNMENT, YOU GREW FRIGHTENED... YOU FAILED.

LISTEN TO HIM... HE MERELY WANTS TO CAUSE TROUBLE...

OUT WITH HIM...

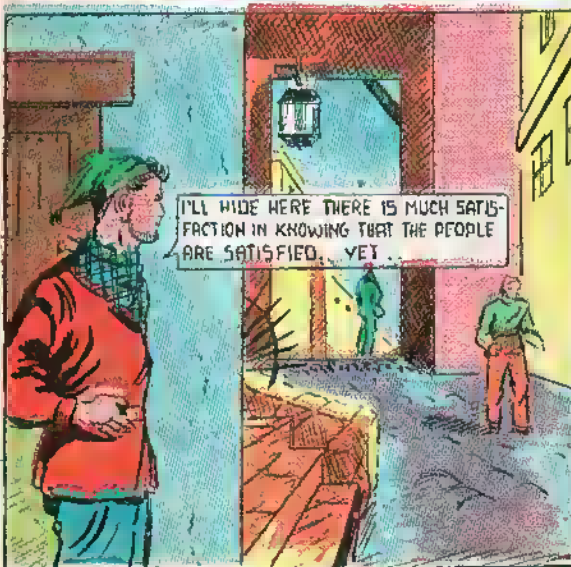
ERIC SPEAKS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT.



HE'S AN AGITATOR! AWAY WITH HIM!

WE DON'T WANT TROUBLE MAKERS HERE...

ERIC FLEES!



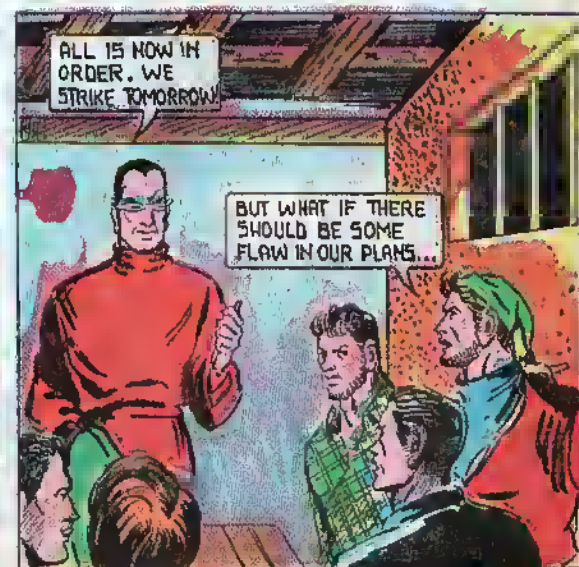
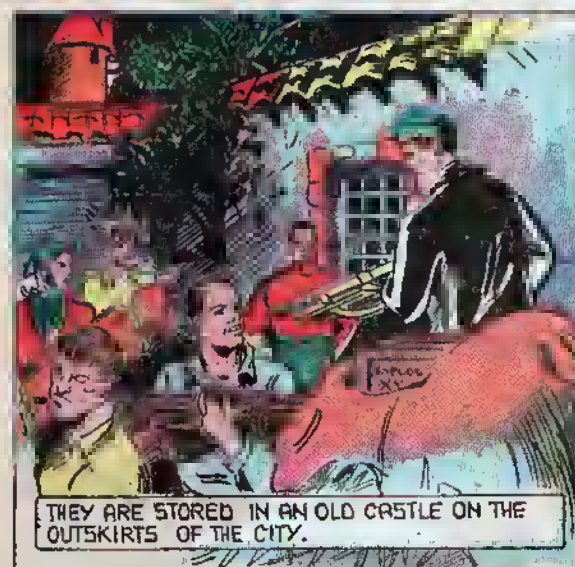
I'LL WIDE HERE THERE IS MUCH SATISFACTION IN KNOWING THAT THE PEOPLE ARE SATISFIED. YET...



SA-H: I FOLLOWED YOU HERE. I HAVE LISTENED TO YOU.. I AM YOUR FRIEND. COME WITH ME...

YOU INTEREST ME, SIR.

THE PLAN BEGINS TO SHOW RESULTS, HOWEVER.





I HAVE CONSIDERED THAT. IF ALL IS WELL AT TEN, THE LIGHT ON THE TOWER OF THE COMMONS HALL SHALL GO OUT ONCE. IF DELAY IS NEEDED, IT SHALL GO OUT TWICE.



I SHALL GO TO THE CASTLE AND PREPARE TO TAKE THE MESSAGE TO THE COMMONS HALL. I AM A SWIFT RUNNER, SIR.

VERY WELL, AUTOMOTIVE TRAVEL WOULD ATTRACT TOO MUCH ATTENTION.

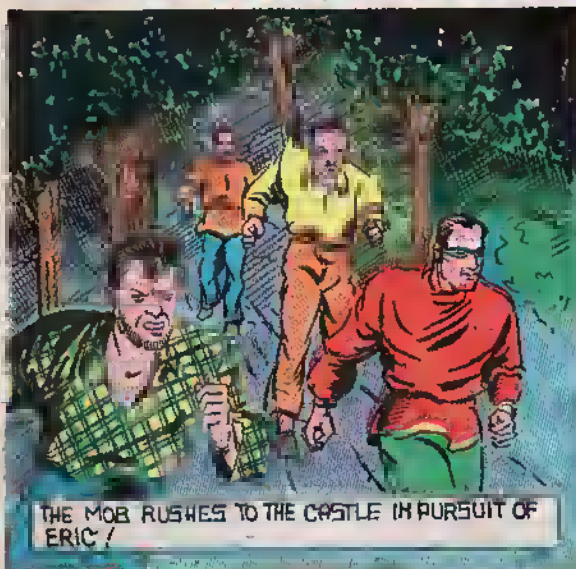
HM-M-M---



I HAVE IT!... THAT MAN IS A SPY! AFTER HIM!!



WITH A MATCH OR TWO, I'LL PUT AN END TO THIS UPRISING!

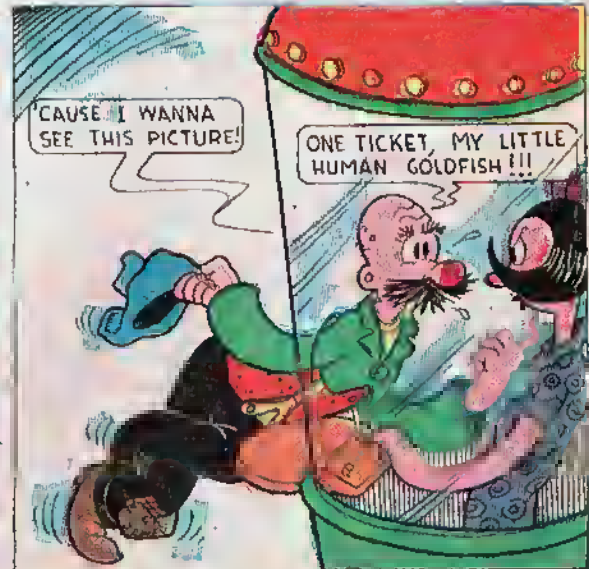
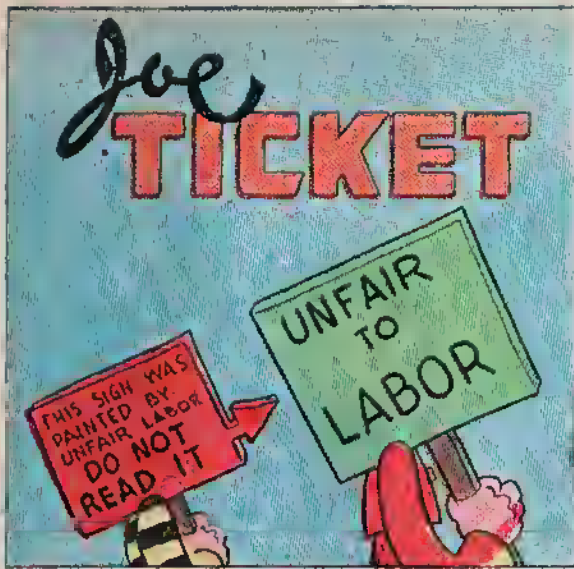


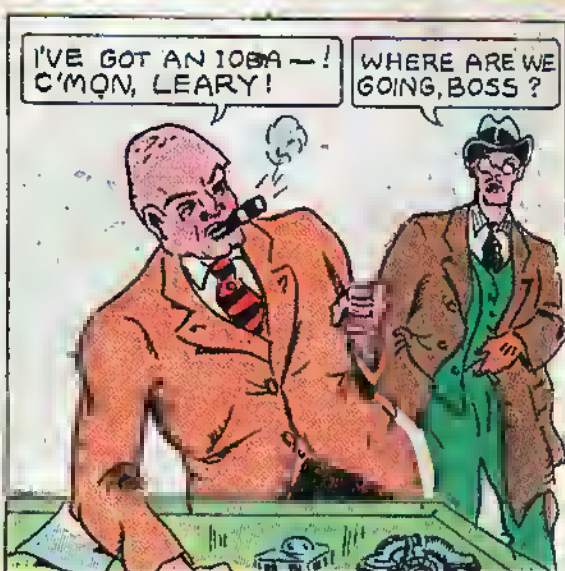
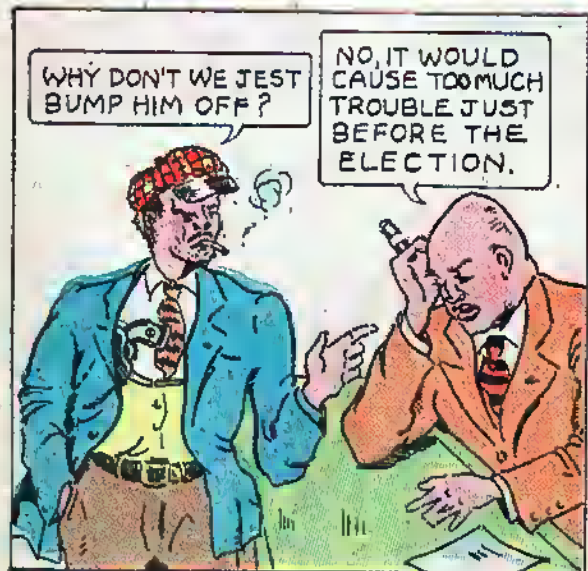
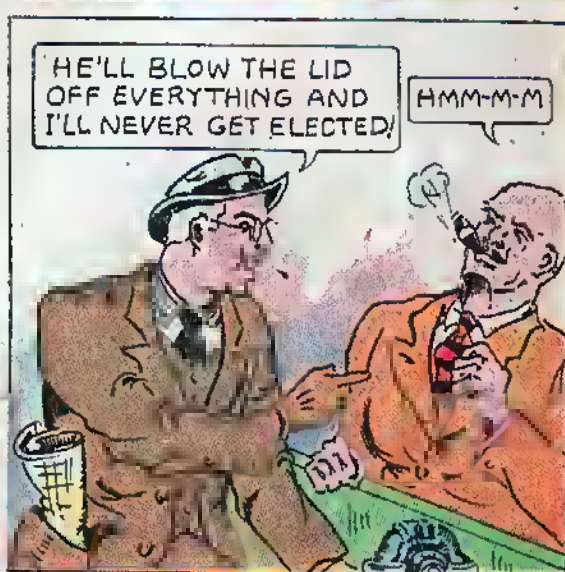
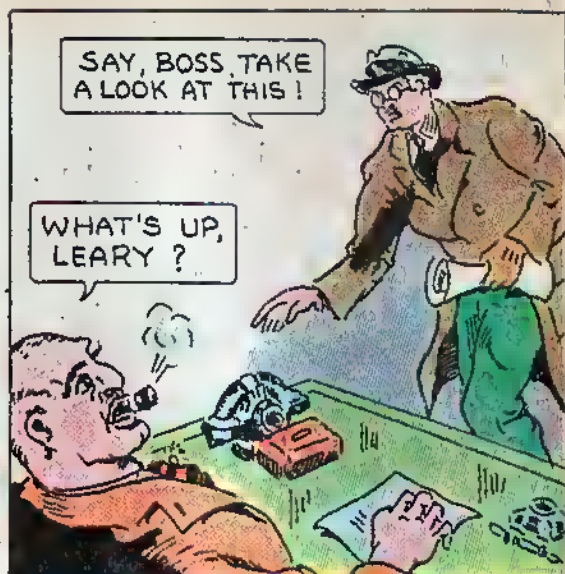
THE MOB RUSHES TO THE CASTLE IN PURSUIT OF ERIC!

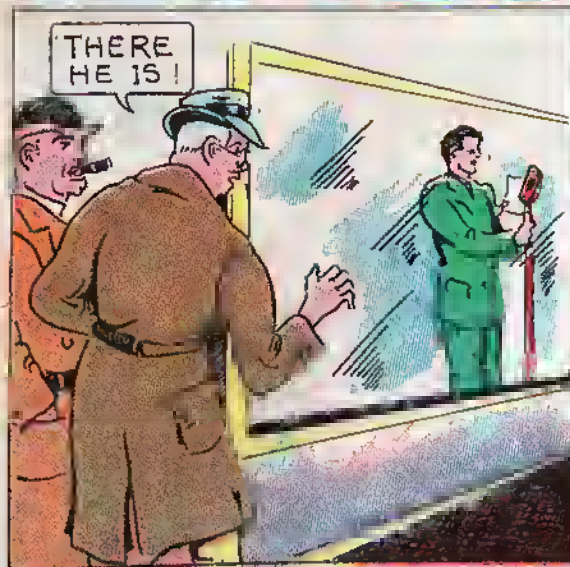
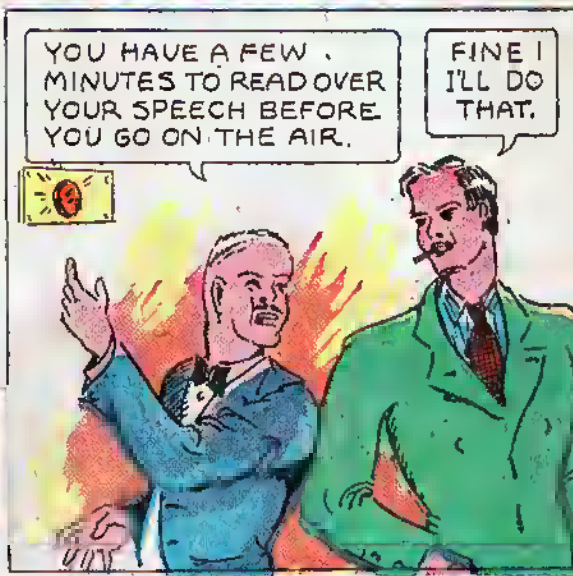
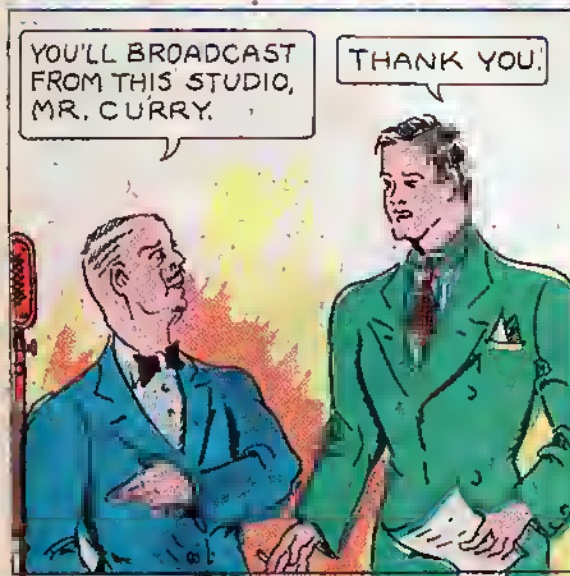
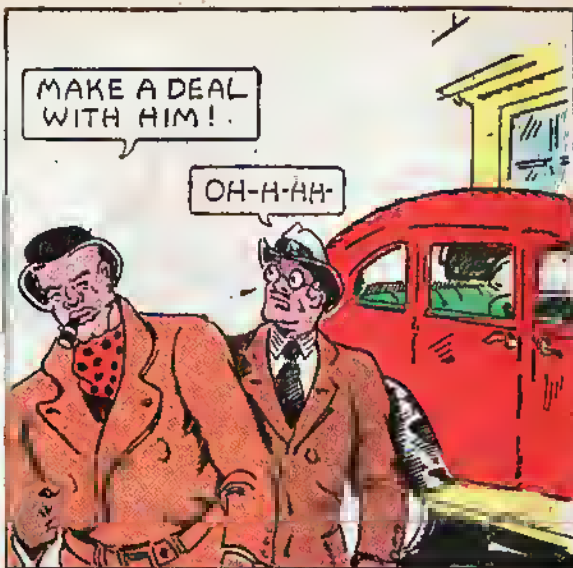
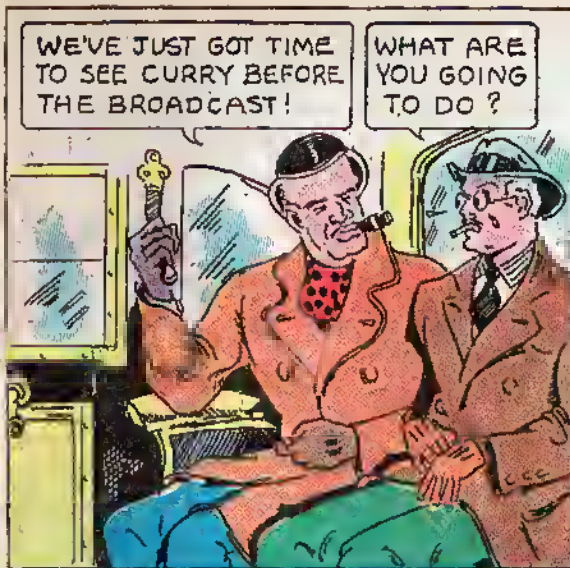












THERE IS PLENTY
OF TIME YET - IT'S
ONLY A QUARTER
OF SEVEN

WELL, WHAT
DO YOU WANT?

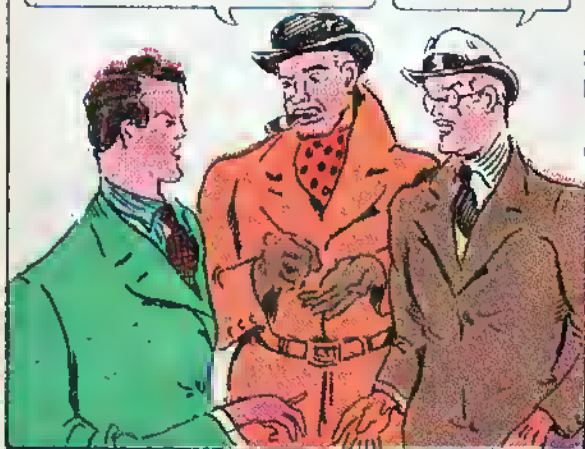


NOW LISTEN, CURRY! DON'T
BE A FOOL! IF YOU SOFT
PEDAL YOUR SPEECH TONIGHT,
WE'LL CUT YOU IN ON SOME
SOFT GRAFT!



THERE'S NO MONEY
IN POLITICS THE WAY
YOU WANT TO RUN IT!

OF COURSE
NOT!



ONLY LAST MONTH WE
MADE A PILE ON THAT
SANITATION DEAL!

SHUT UP,
YOU FOOL!



OH, WELL, WHAT'S THE
DIFFERENCE, YOU KNOW
ANYWAY! YES, WE MADE
A COOL MILLION ON THAT
DEAL!

REALLY?



AND WE EXPECT
TO MAKE A
MILLION ON THE
BRIDGE CONTRACT!

THAT'S A LOT
OF MONEY,
MR LEARY



WHY DON'T YOU COME
OVER TO OUR SIDE,
CURRY? WE'LL SEE THAT
YOU GET A NICE SLICE
OF THE GRAFT!

THAT'S VERY
KIND OF
YOU, MR.
MULLIGAN.

BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED
IN GRAFT! I INTEND TO
GIVE THE PEOPLE GOOD,
CLEAN, GOVERNMENT!

YOU
FOOL!

Y'KNOW, CURRY, IF YOU DON'T
WANNA PLAY OUR WAY, THERE'S
WAYS TO MAKE YOU!

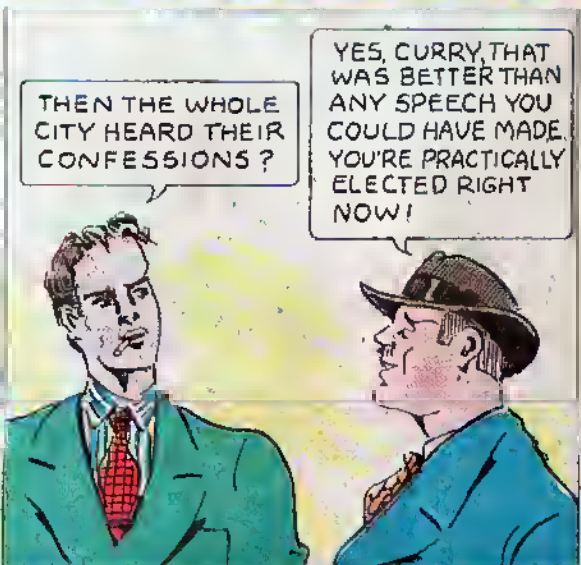
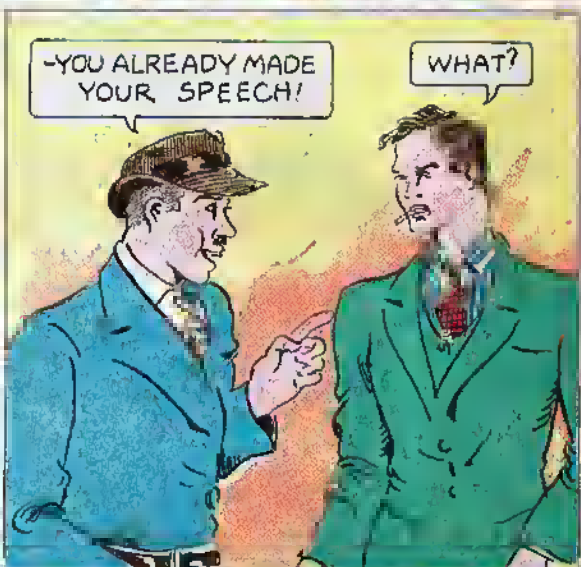
YOU'RE NOT
THREATENING
ME, ARE YOU,
MR. MULLIGAN?

YES - AND
YOU'RE NOT
GOING ON THE
AIR TONIGHT!

YOU'RE ACTING JUST LIKE
THE TRUE HOODLUM YOU
ARE, MR. MULLIGAN!

DROP THAT GUN,
YOU RAT!

I'LL GET YOU
FOR THIS, CURRY!



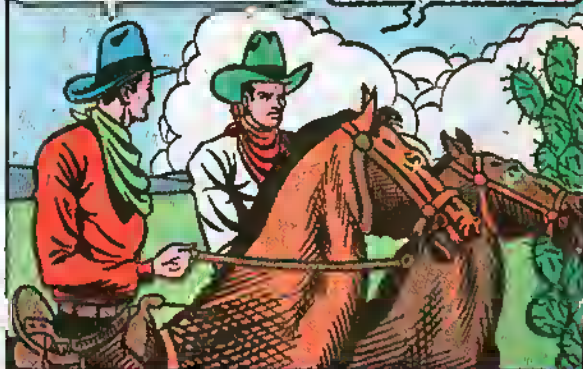
RATTLESNAKE GULCH

BY
TOM CURRY



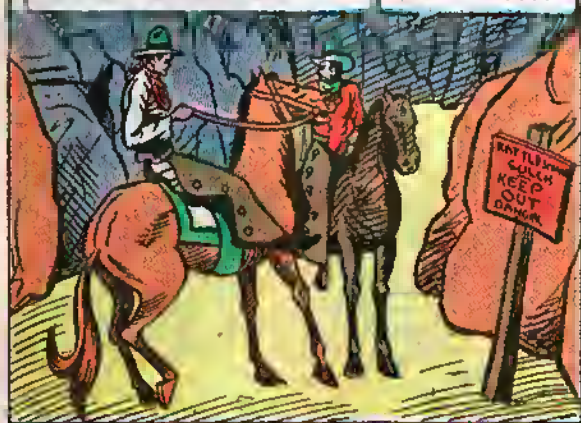
MARTY, TURN BACK!
IT'S DANGEROUS!
PHIL HART
DISAPPEARED
NEAR HERE.

JIM, I WANNA
HELP. BUT THIS
BLOODY COUNTRY
GIVES A MAN
THE SHIVERS!



I TRAILED PHIL THIS
FAR, MARTY. HE WENT
UP THE GULCH
HUNTIN' GOLD.

BET
SOMEBUDDY
DRYGULCHED
HIM.....



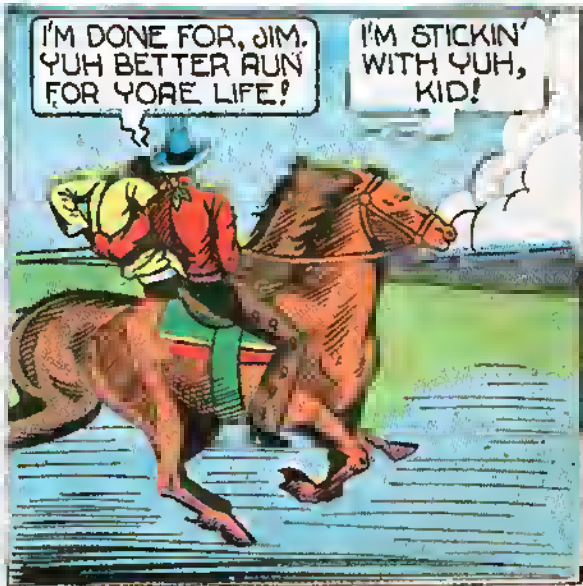
OW-W! HE GOT
ME, JIM!

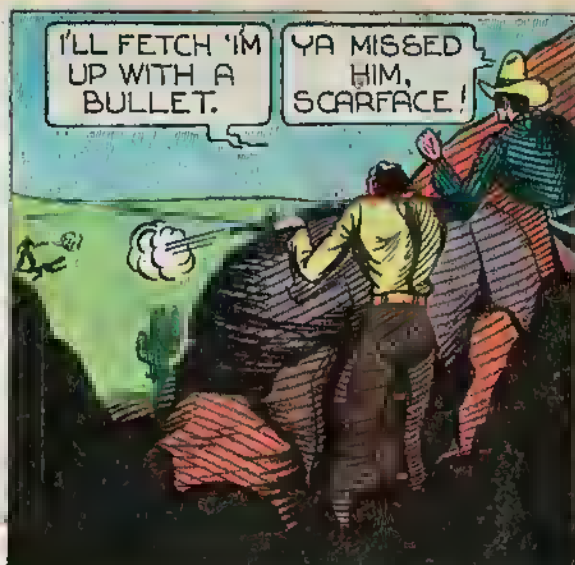
THE RAT....

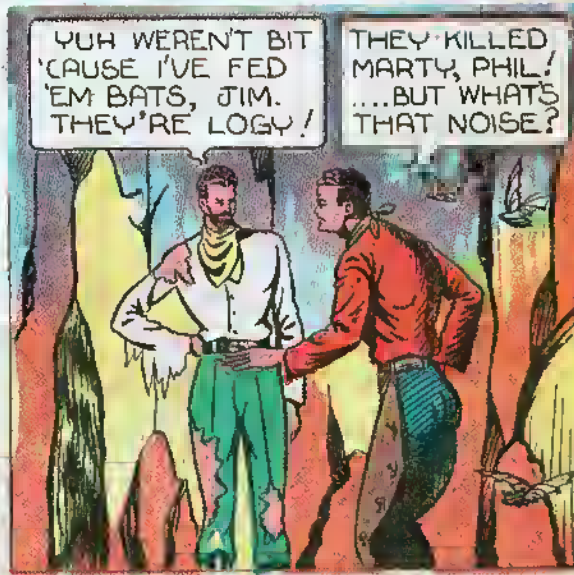


I'M DONE FOR, JIM.
YUH BETTER RUN
FOR YOARE LIFE!

I'M STICKIN'
WITH YUH,
KID!









SH! THEY GOT A MINE,
AND ARE 'MOST THROUGH
THIS WALL!

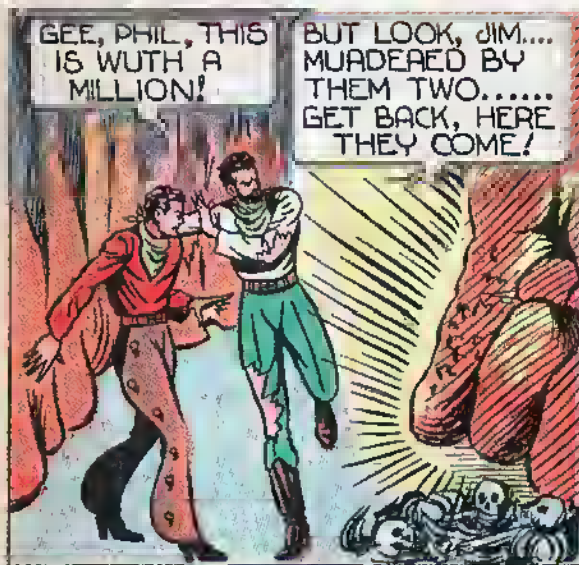
BUMP
BUMP



LATER - THAT NIGHT.

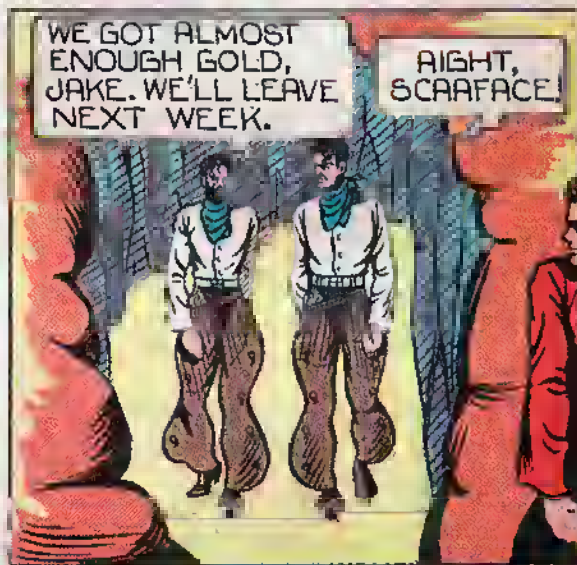
WE'RE
THROUGH,
JIM!

WORKED 'ALL NIGHT,
BUT WE MADE IT,
PHIL!



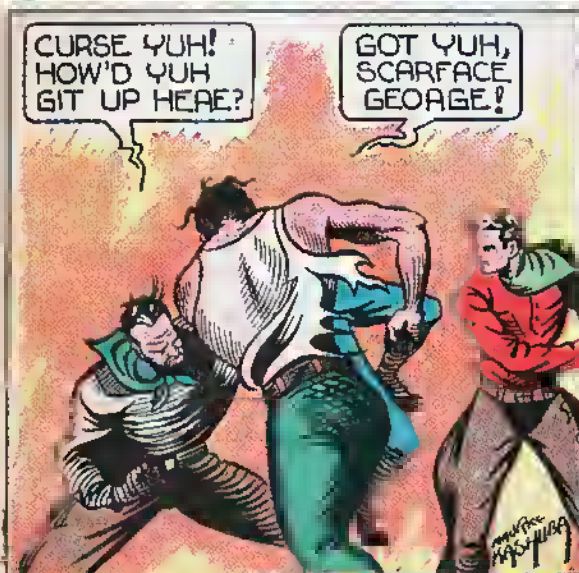
GEE, PHIL, THIS
IS WUTH A
MILLION!

BUT LOOK, JIM....
MURDERED BY
THEM TWO.....
GET BACK, HERE
THEY COME!



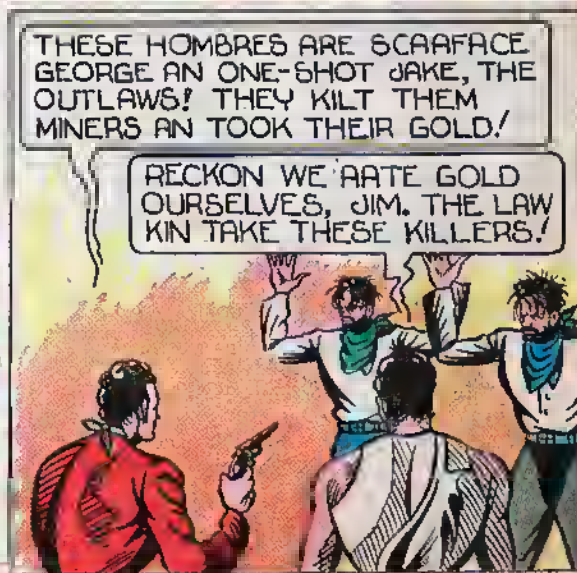
WE GOT ALMOST
ENOUGH GOLD,
JAKE. WE'LL LEAVE
NEXT WEEK.

RIGHT,
SCAFFACE!



CURSE YUH!
HOW'D YUH
GIT UP HERE?

GOT YUH,
SCAFFACE
GEORGE!



THESE HOMBRES ARE SCAFFACE
GEORGE AN ONE-SHOT JAKE, THE
OUTLAWS! THEY KILT THEM
MINERS AN TOOK THEIR GOLD!

RECKON WE 'ATE GOLD
OURSELVES, JIM. THE LAW
KIN TAKE THESE KILLERS!

Tom Sawyer was his name . . .

and millions of boys and girls have chuckled and laughed and thoroughly enjoyed reading the adventures of this happy lad.

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Read The "Adventures of Tom Sawyer"

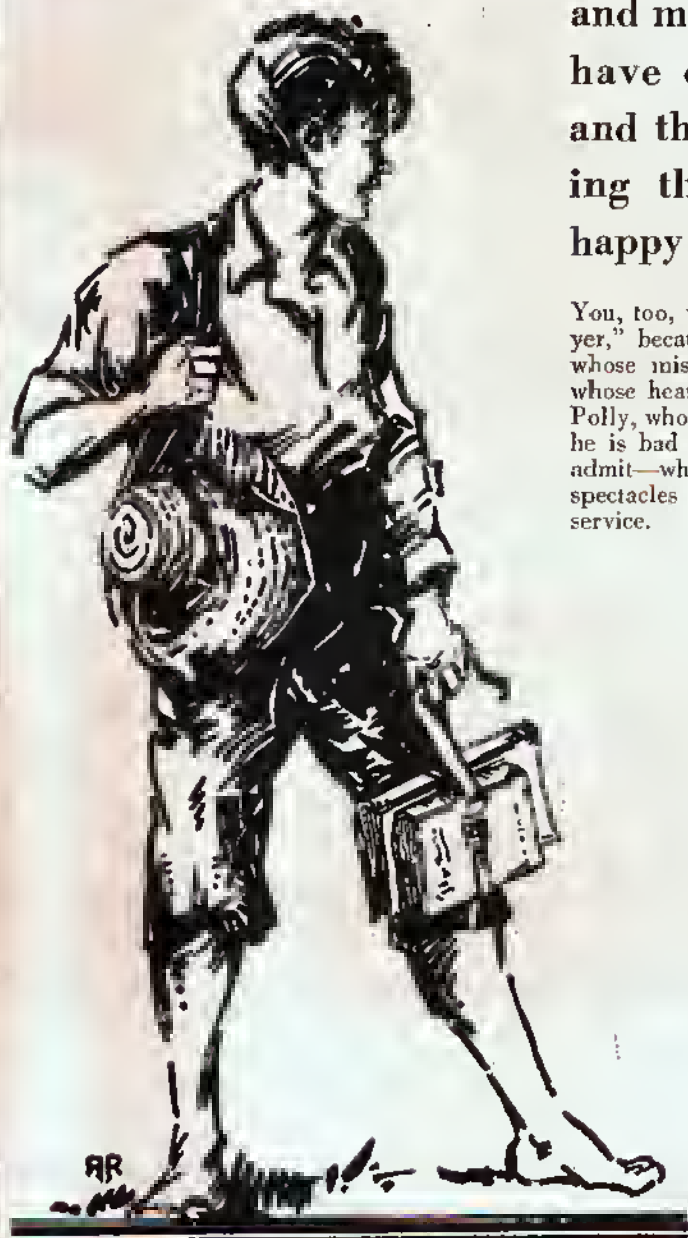
Read how Tom gets out of whitewashing his Aunt Polly's fence this punishment for playing hookey from school) by making his pals think it's a great treat to whitewash a fence—and swaps turns at whitewashing for an apple, a kite, a dead rat, marbles, and many other things dear to a boy's heart. You'll howl with glee when you read how Tom, who never could learn his Sunday School lessons, swaps his whitewashing gains for Sunday School tickets, and, like a thunderbolt out of the sky, presents his tickets to the superintendent and demands a Bible! And that's only a few of the many adventures included in this famous book!

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SPORTING FACTS

SCHWAB^o
Kermit Ray * JAZZ DIKER 1
PAUL GUSTAVSON* 1
" " * 1
Gill Fox* 1
BOB WOOD* 1
FRANK FROLLO* 7
Dick Ryan 4
Gill Fox* 1

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WILBUR ✓ SCHWAB^o 1
PHONEY CRIMES GUSTAVSON* 5
3RD CLASS MALE SCHWAB* 1
INSURANCE IKE JACK COLE ✓ 1
JIM COMES THROUGH GUTWORTH* 5
BUT "ART" IS AFH - SIGN COMES FROM AFH
LIFE AT THE ZOO DICK RYAN* 2
BLACK NIGHT TEXT FROLLO* 8
JOE DOKES SCHWAB 1
NOTHING BUT THE TARTAN GUSTAVSON* 1
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